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LAST NIGHT.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

You brought me a rose last night, my friend,
With its crimson, glowing heart;
And lo! ever since, that simple gift
Has seemed of my life a part.

"A gift of friendship," you said, and smiled,
But ah! when your hand touched mine,
Was it friendship caused the sudden flush
Like the glow of rosy wine?

I hold it dear, for it tells to me
What your lips dare not disclose:
That a human heart is folded up
In the sweet heart of a rose.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID." "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX—CONTINUED.

AS THEY made their way to the drawing room, Doris heard the sound of a piano, and the hum of voices, and a footman opening the door, she saw that the room was full of people.

She made her way, with some little difficulty, to Lady Despard, who was seated at a small table, evidently merely pretending to superintend a tea-service, for the footman was handing round cups supplied from something outside, and more capacious than the tiny kettle on the table, and her ladyship looked up and smiled a pleasant little welcome.

"You have come down after all?" she said, making room on the settee beside her. "This is my new friend, Miss Marlowe, your grace," she added, addressing a stout and dignified-looking lady near her, the Duchess of Grantham.

Her grace surveyed Doris through a pair of gold eyeglasses, and inclined her head with ducal condescension, and Lady Despard introduced several persons in the circle.

"We are going to Florence together," said Lady Despard, "though why Florence, I haven't the slightest idea; it's a whim of my doctor's. I don't feel the slightest bit ill, but he says I am, and he ought to know, I suppose."

The room, which had seemed to Doris quite full when she entered, appeared to get still fuller. People came, exchanged a few words with Lady Despard, took a cup of tea, strolled about and talked with one or the other, or listened to someone who sang or played, and then wandered out. Everybody appeared either languidly indifferent or horribly bored.

Doris, as she leant back, half hidden by Lady Despard's elaborate tea-gown on one side and the voluminous folds of a plush curtain on the other, looked on at the crowd, and listened to the hum and buzz of voices, half in a dream.

Every now and then she heard some well-known name mentioned, and discovered that the people around her were not only persons of rank, but men and women famous in the world of music and letters.

Suddenly she heard a name spoken that made her heart leap, and caused her to shrink still further back.

"What has become of Cecil Neville?" asked the duchess.

Lady Despard shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm sure I don't know. Oh, yes, I do. I had forgotten. He has gone down to stay with his uncle, the Marquis of Stoyle, you know."

"Poor Cecil," commiserated the duchess, with a faint smile. "How he must suffer!"

"I heard that he'd been obliged to leave England," remarked another lady in a subdued voice. "Up to his ears in debt, poor fellow!"

"Well, he has had a very long rope," said the duchess. "It is time he married and settled down."

"That is just what he is going to do," said Lady Despard, laughing. "I heard from Mr. Spenser Churchill—he is stopping at Barton Towers, you know—that Lord Cecil is engaged to Grace Peyton."

The duchess raised her eyebrows.

"At last! Well, it is a good match, and I'm sure she'll be happy."

"Oh, how severe!" said the other lady. "You mean that he won't be, your grace?"

"I mean that if I were a man, I should think twice before——" she stopped, as if she had suddenly remembered the number and mixed character of her audience.

"Oh, she is a charming girl—and so very beautiful, you know!" said Lady Despard.

"Yes, very," said her grace dryly, and changed the subject.

Doris sat perfectly motionless and very pale, fighting against the dizziness which assailed her.

"What is that the senor is playing?" asked the duchess presently.

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Lady Despard helplessly.

Doris rose.

"I will go and inquire," she said, feeling that she had better seize the opportunity of making herself useful.

Her grace looked after her.

"That's a very beautiful girl, my dear," she said slowly.

"Isn't she!" responded Lady Despard. "I call her lovely—simply lovely. I'm awfully obliged to Mr. Spenser Churchill."

"Who is she?—where does she come from?"

"Oh, it's quite a long story!" said her ladyship, who was not so simple as to throw down Doris's history for her aristocratic friends to worry. "The poor child has just lost her father."

"She will create a sensation," said the duchess, calmly and emphatically. "I don't think I ever saw a more lovely face, or a more graceful figure—excepting yours, my dear."

"Oh, you can leave mine out, too!" said Lady Despard, good-naturedly.

Meanwhile, Doris made her way through the crowd, and the duchess's prophecy was speedily fulfilled. Men and women, as they made room for the slight girlish figure to pass, looked after her with startled curiosity, and turned to each other asking eager questions, some of which were pitched in a quite high enough key for Doris to hear,

But with the modest self-possession which her training had bestowed upon her, she reached the piano, learned the name of the piece, and returned to the duchess.

"It is Beethoven's sonata in G, your grace," she said in her low musical voice.

"Thank you, my dear," said the duchess. "It was very good-natured of you to take so much trouble. Good-bye, Lady Despard," and as she shook hands with her hostess she bestowed a smile and a nod on Doris.

Lady Despard laughed.

"My dear," she said, "you are going to be a success. It isn't often the duchess is so amiable.

Two hours later, Mr. Spenser Churchill, with a smile that seemed to cast a benediction on everything it lighted on, was slowly walking down the still warm pavement of Bentham Street, Soho.

Bentham street, Soho, is by no means an aristocratic thoroughfare, and the eminent philanthropist had to meander in and out a crowd of dirty children, who shouted and sprawled over both the curb and pavement, much to their own delight and the peril of the foot passengers; but Mr. Churchill seemed quite familiar with the street and its humors, and stopping at a house half way down, knocked at the door as if he had done it before.

A young and overgrown girl shuffled along the passage, and answering an inquiry of Mr. Churchill's as to whether Mr. Percy Levant was in, nodded an affirmative, and requested Mr. Churchill to follow her. She knocked at a door on the first floor, and receiving a peculiarly clear-voiced "Come in," opened the door, and jerked her finger by way of invitation to Mr. Churchill to enter.

Notwithstanding the neighborhood in which it was situated, and the dingy condition of the rest of the house, this room was comfortably furnished, and indicated the possession of some amount of taste by its occupant.

There was a fair-sized table, with a large bowl of flowers in the centre, some pictures rather good than bad, a Collard and Collard piano stood on one side of the small room, with a guitar leaning against it. Beside the pictures there hung on the walls a pair of fencing foils and masks and a set of boxing gloves.

The room was full of the smoke which emanates from a good Havannah, and the smoker was reclining in a comfortable chair, with his feet on another, and a glass of, apparently, soda and brandy at his elbow.

He was a young man, who if he possessed no other qualities, had been remarkably favored by the gods in one particular: he was perhaps as singularly handsome a specimen of the human race as it is possible to conceive. So finely cut, and delicately moulded was his face that it would have been considered effeminate but for the moustache which, like his hair and eyebrows, and the long lashes that swept the clear olive cheek, was a silky, lustrous black.

It was a face which Van Dyke would have loved to paint, a face which once seen lingered in one's memory, and it wore as an added charm, a certain devil-may-care, *debonnaire* expression which at once attracted attention and lent it impressiveness.

"Hallo, Spenser, is that you?" he exclaimed, with a laugh, as he rose and held out his hand, as white—though not so soft and fat—as the philanthropist's own. "An unexpected honor! Sit down! You don't mind the smoke, do you?" he asked, as Mr. Spenser coughed two or three "wow, wows" behind his handkerchief.

"Rather thick, isn't it? The room's small, you see, and I've been smoking for—oh, lord knows how long! Have anything? Brandy and soda, eh? All right!" and going to the window, he leant out and called some instructions to an urchin below.

"My dear Percy, isn't that—er—rather a public way of procuring refreshments?" said Mr. Churchill.

The young fellow laughed.

"Well, perhaps it is," he admitted. "But it saves trouble, and they're used to it! There are always some youngsters outside glad to earn a penny, and the 'Pig and Whistle' keeps a very good article, so they say! Have a cigar?" and he pushed a box towards him.

"You'll find them all right, I think. And now, what brings you to the aristocratic regions of Soho?"

Mr. Spenser Churchill lit his cigar and took two or three preliminary puffs before answering, the young man leaning against the mantel-shelf in graceful abandon, and watching him with a faintly-amused curiosity; then the great philanthropist said in his soft dulcet voice,—

"I have come to make your fortune, Percy!"

"Oh! you have come to make my fortune!" said Percy Levant. "Pardon me, but that sounds rather—funny!" and he regarded Mr. Spenser Churchill with a faint smile.

"Funny!" echoed the philanthropist, in an injured tone, "why 'funny?' I trust I have always proved myself your friend and well-wisher, my dear Percy?"

The young man smiled again, and stroked his silky moustache with his white, long, aristocratic-looking hand.

"Yes,—oh, yes! I didn't mean to be offensive, but you must allow that people don't generally go about making other people's fortunes—that's all. Pray proceed. I'm all impatience, and grateful by anticipation! Goodness knows my fortune needs making very badly!" and he glanced round the room, and down at his shabby velvet jacket which hung over a chair, with a little grimace.

"Forgive me, my dear Percy, if I remark that the poverty which you lament may be as much your fault as your fortune."

"I daresay," he assented, with good-tempered indolence; "you mean that there is not enough of the busy bee about me, Mr. Churchill?"

The philanthropist shook his head gravely.

"I am afraid you have not been industrious, my dear Percy. Let us for a moment review your situation."

"Review it for half an hour if you like," said the young fellow. "It won't hurt me, and it will probably amuse you. Meanwhile, here's something that won't hurt you and will amuse both of us," and he opened the door to the urchin who had brought the liquid refreshment. "Go ahead while I mix. Plenty of brandy in yours, eh?"

"Here you are, my dear Percy," said Mr. Churchill, blandly, "in the possession of youth and health, and—shall I say—remarkably good looks——"

"Say what you like. You'll excuse my not blushing."

"And in addition to those great advantages, a wonderful talent for one of the fine arts. I believe, my dear Percy, that you are a musician of a high order——"

"Thanks again! Here's your health!" interjected the young fellow. "Yes, I can 'play a bit, and sing a bit, and jump Jim Crow.' As to being a musician——" he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"You play and sing like an artist, my dear Percy, and most young fellows so highly endowed as you are would have made a name for themselves and a place in the world."

"Instead of which, here I am in a dingy Soho, with the last two quarters' rent unpaid, and forced to borrow a five pound note of my dear friend, Mr. Spenser Churchill," he said lightly.

The philanthropist shook his head.

"What good will a five pound note do you, Percy?"

"Well, ten pounds would certainly do me more good. Are you going to make it ten?"

"I will make it much more than ten if you will listen to me and—er—promise to follow my advice. Just consider your position, as I say, my dear Percy. Have you no ambition? Surely you, with your great gifts and youth and good looks, must feel that this is not the place you——"

"That I am wasting my sweetness on the desert air. Just so. I often feel it; but once having got lost in the desert, it's rather difficult to find one's way out, you see. Have I no ambition!" The dark eyes flashed and the clear, olive tint of his com-

plexion grew warm.

"Of course I have! What do you take me for—a mule, a pack-horse? Why, man, I never see a well-dressed man of my own age, but I envy him his clothes; I never lean over the railings in the park and watch the fellows riding by, but I envy them their horses and their acquaintances with the pretty girls—the daughters and wives of swell people; I never pass a good club, but I feel that I'd give ten years of my life to be a member and one of the class to which it belongs. Do you think I live in this stifling den for choice! Do you think I dine off a sixpenny plate of meat, and drink porter, sit in the gallery of a theatre, and wear old clothes because I like doing it?"

He drew himself up to his full height, and flashed down upon his observant listener for a second, then relapsed into his old lounging attitude, and laughed musically.

"Why do you come here with your Arabian Nights' kind of speeches, and stir me up! Bah, it's too hot for such mental exercise," and he sank into his chair and folded his hands behind his head. "No, Churchill, I am in the desert, and there I shall stick."

"Unless some friendly guide extends a helping hand and leads you out," said the philanthropist. "I can quite understand your feelings, my dear Percy, and I must say that they are very natural ones. You are, without flattery, formed by nature to adorn a higher sphere than your present one. I don't think any of the young fellows you envy could do greater credit to their wealth and position than you could do. Seriously, I think you were cut out for better things than teaching the piano to the daughters of the inhabitants of Soho and its neighborhood."

"No doubt. I was intended for the heldest son of a heari," said Percy Levant, sarcastically, "but there happens to be a hitch somewhere."

"And suppose I tell you that I can undo that hitch, that I can give you a helping hand to better and higher things: in short, to repeat myself, to make your fortune! Think of it, my dear Percy. Plenty of money, the entrance to good society, horses to ride, club doors thrown open to you, choice wines, men of rank for friends, and a world ready to welcome with outstretched hands good looking and accomplished Mr. Percy Levant!"

The young fellow regarded him with the same incredulous smile, but there was a light of subdued eagerness in his eyes, and a warmer color in his face.

"You ought to go into the house, Churchill," he said. "I don't mean the workhouse, but the House of Commons. I suppose you learn all this kind of thing at your charitable public meetings? I'll come and hear you some of these days; they tell me you make uncommonly good speeches. Well, go on. How is this fortune of mine to be made, and—excuse my bluntness, why are you so anxious to make it?"

"A very natural question, my dear Percy, and believe me, I am not at all annoyed by it. I intend to be perfectly frank and open-minded with you——"

Percy Levant smiled, and got another cigar.

"I beg your pardon, Churchill, but the idea of your being frank rather tickled me. The spasm has passed however; proceed. Is it a new gold mine you are going to ask me to become a director of, or have you invented a new washing machine, and want me to travel for it? What is it?"

"It has always seemed so strange to me," resumed Mr. Spenser Churchill, ignoring the interruption, "that you have never turned your head to matrimony."

The young fellow stared at him, then laughed sarcastically.

"You think that the palatial dimensions of this room are too large for one individual; that I should be more comfortable if I shared my sixpenny plate of meat and threadbare wardrobe with another? My dear Churchill, you might as well ask a limping, footsore tramp why he doesn't turn his attention to riding in a carriage and pair! Matrimony! Good lord, I am not quite out of my mind!"

"But your wife need not be poor, my dear Percy. She may be rich in this world's goods——"

"Oh, yes, I didn't think of that; and you suggest that there are hundreds of wealthy heiresses who are dying to become Mrs. Percy Levant; perishing with the desire to bestow their hands and fortunes on the music-teacher of Soho!"

"You would not be the first man who has married money," and the philanthropist, smoothly. "But let me be more explicit, my dear Percy. By one of those strange chances, which are indeed providential, I happen to be acquainted with a young lady who would, in all respects, make you a most suitable wife."

"Really!"

"Yes," said Spenser Churchill, gravely, "the circumstances of the case are peculiar, not to say romantic. The fact is, I am that young lady's guardian, not exactly such in a legally qualified sense, but by—er—an unfortunate accident; and, as her guardian, I am naturally desirous of promoting her present and future welfare. Ah, my dear Percy, how sacred a trust one undertakes when one accepts the care of a young and innocent girl!" and he looked up at the ceiling with a devout sigh.

Percy Levant smiled with mingled mockery and amusement.

"Very nice sentiment," he said. "But go on. And this is the young lady you have in your eye for me, is it?"

The philanthropist nodded gravely.

"I confess it, my dear Percy. I have considered the question in all its numerous bearings, and I am convinced that I shall be promoting both her future welfare and yours by—er—bringing you together."

Percy Levant stared at him.

"This grows serious," he said. "And may I ask if this young lady is 'rich in this world's goods,' as you so beautifully put it?"

"She is—or, rather, she will be," replied Spenser Churchill, leaning forward and speaking in a lower tone, and with his eyes fixed on the other man's face with a keen yet covert watchfulness.

"I said that there were peculiar and romantic circumstances in the case, and one of them is this, that the young lady has no idea of the wealth which will some day be hers."

"Oh!" said Percy, curtly, "she hasn't—oh! Yes, that's peculiar, certainly. I suppose there is no doubt about the golden future, eh?"

"It is as certain as you and I are in this room."

"And the romance—where does that come in?"

"Her story is a singular one. Her name—" he stopped suddenly and smiled blandly, "but perhaps I'd better reserve that for awhile, my dear Percy."

"Yes, you'd better," rejoined the young man sarcastically. "I might go in for the speculation on my own account, and throw you over! Churchill, for a saint, you are singularly suspicious."

"Not suspicious, my dear Percy; say careful, perhaps cautious," suggested the philanthropist, with an oily smile.

"All right! Choose your own word! Go on."

"The young lady's career has been a singular one: she has been an actress."

Percy whistled and stared.

"But she is a lady, in every sense of the word," continued Spenser Churchill, slowly and significantly. "She has left the stage, acting on my advice, and in consequence of the death of her only relative, and is living now with some dear friends of mine. With the exception of myself she has no one to turn to for advice and assistance. I am her sole guardian, and—I may say—friend. She will, I am sure, be guided entirely by me, and that is why I am so anxious to provide for her future welfare."

"By marrying her to a needy adventurer," finished Percy Levant, with a smile.

"No; to one who, though deficient in the energy which achieves greatness by its own strength, is, I am sure, a man of honor," said Spenser Churchill suavely.

Percy Levant stared at him with a curious smile.

"This is amusing and romantic with a vengeance," he said. "And the young lady, of course, she is as ugly as sin?"

Spenser Churchill was about to answer in the negative, and dilate upon Doris's beauty, but he stopped himself, and made a gesture of denial with his hands.

"By no means, my dear Percy. This, I will say, that she is refined, accomplished, amiable—"

"And quiet in single or double—especially double—harness?"

"In sporting parlance, my dear Percy, that exactly describes my charming ward."

The young man took a turn up and down the room, and then, resuming his old attitude, looked down upon the smooth face of the tempter with a curious and half-troubled regard.

"You don't offer me a penny for my thoughts, Churchill, and so I'll just make you a present of them. I am wondering—what—the deuce—you are going to gain in this business. Wait a moment. You come here and offer this young girl to me—is she young, by-the-way?"

Spenser Churchill nodded and smiled.

"To me!—a penniless man, without position or anything else that makes a man eligible for a husband——"

"You forget your youth and good looks—your undoubted talents, dear Percy," murmured the philanthropist.

"—A most undesirable match in every way," went on the other, taking no notice of this interpolation. "Why do you do it? Of course, you have some game——"

"My dear Percy!"

"Oh, nonsense. For Heaven's sake, let us have no hypocrisy. You offer to sell this girl to me, with her fortune in the future—what is the price I am to pay for it?"

"If you insist upon putting it with such—may I say, barbaric directness——"

"Yes, I do. I want the thing plain and distinct. I don't suppose it is for any love of me that you come, as you say, to 'make my fortune!'"

"Not altogether; though I have always regarded you as a very dear friend, Percy."

The young man made a movement of impatience.

"Yes, yes, I know! But you have some object in view; what is it? You don't want me to believe that I am to give you nothing in return for a wealthy wife. What is it?"

Spenser Churchill drew a paper from his pocket.

"Really, it is marvellously like Faust and Mephistopheles, isn't it?"

"If that's a document I am to sign, it really is," assented Percy with a grim smile.

"Well, I shall want your signature, my dear Percy,—but only in ordinary ink, only in ordinary ink."

"What does it contain?" asked the young fellow. "One moment before you tell me. If it is anything detrimental—anything that would interfere with the happiness of this young girl, you can put your precious paper back in your pocket and light your pipe with it."

"Right, quite right, your caution does credit to your heart and honor, my dear Percy," said Spenser Churchill. "I say nothing of the injustice you've done to me by your suspicion: I forgive you! In a word, this is a little bond by which you undertake three things. To marry the young lady when I shall request you, and not till then; to keep the marriage secret until I give you permission to disclose it, and on your wedding day to pay me ten thousand pounds, or give me a bond for that amount."

"Is that all?" demanded Percy Levant, staring at him with knitted brows.

"Yes, and I dont think the conditions over hard. Consider, my dear Percy; I don't think you would have a chance of knowing who the young lady is without I tell you, you certainly haven't of marrying her without my assistance; as to the secrecy of the affair—why that is not a great hardship; and for the ten thousand pounds, believe me, my dear Percy, that it will be but a bagatelle to the man who shall marry my ward."

"She will be very rich then?"

"Very rich."

"How am I to know that this is not a trick of yours, my good Churchill?—that I may marry this *protegee* of yours, and wake up to find that it is 'beggar mated to beggar.'

Spenser Churchill nodded a smiling approval.

"A very proper question, very proper. If you will look over this bond, you will see that the payment of the ten thousand pounds is contingent upon the young lady's becoming possessed of at least twenty thousand a year. Do me the favor of perusing it; it is very short and very simple."

"And very sweet," said Percy, and he rapidly ran over the paper. "I see you have left a blank where the young lady's name should go."

"Which I will fill in when you have signed."

"Ah! How long will you give me to consider this extraordinary proposal of yours?"

"Exactly five minutes," said Spenser Churchill, blandly; "and excuse me, my dear Percy, if I say that that is four minutes too long! My dear young friend, consider! A young, refined, accomplished lady, with a future fortune of at least twenty thousand a year—and you hesitate. Are you so fond of Soho, and this rather—excuse me—squalid life of yours? Think what a vista this opens before you! You are ambitious: I present you with a golden ladder by which you may climb to any height you please. What are your prospects now, save those of a lifelong drudgery with the workhouse at the end? You, whose gifts warrant your taking your place amongst the flower of the land——"

"Wait, wait!" interrupted Percy. "I can't think with your drivel buzzing in my ears! I want to think! Man alive, I can scarcely believe that this is sober earnest, and if it were not for the price you exact, I should find it impossible to do so; but now I see your game, or part of it—" he wandered to the piano as he spoke, and dropping into his music chair, abstractedly let his hands stray over the keys.

"I think more easily to music," he murmured dreamily.

Spenser Churchill watched him in silence for a few minutes, then he said—

"Time is up, my dear Percy. Is it to be 'Yes' or 'No?'"

The young fellow rose from the piano; his face was pale, and his eyes glowing with a strange excitement.

"I cannot resist it!" he said, in a low voice, whose tremor belied his faint smile. "You are right—more right than you guessed—when you said I was ambitious. I am sick and weary of this life of squalid drudgery. I feel as if I would sell my soul—perhaps I am doing it!—to get out of it. Give me the paper and I'll sign it!"

Spenser Churchill spread it on the table, and Percy Levant snatched up a pen and wrote his name.

"There!" he said pushing it from him, folding his arms, and looking down at Spenser Churchill with an almost defiant light in his dark eyes. "And now what next? I am all attention! Who and where is my future bride, and when shall I see her?"

"Her name is Doris Marlowe," said Spenser Churchill softly writing the name in the blank left for the purpose as he spoke. "She is at present acting as companion to Lady Despard, and you shall see her in a day or two."

"Doris Marlowe!" repeated Percy Levant. "Doris Marlowe: it sounds pretty, but a rose by any other name, etc.; and she is acting as companion to Lady Despard, is she? And has no suspicion of the wealth that will be hers? Churchill, are you sure that this is not a fiction borne of your too fertile imagination?"

"You will see in a day or two," said Spenser Churchill.

"It is really genuine! And what is the plan to be adopted? You will, I suppose, introduce me as a prince traveling incog., a millionaire in embryo, a something brilliant enough to dazzle the eyes of the young lady and carry her fancy captive? Is that to be the line?"

The philanthropist shook his head with an indulgent smile.

"No, my dear Percy; I'm free to admit that is the kind of thing most men would do; but I think that you and I are too wise, not to say too honorable, to adopt such a course of deception."

Percy Levant laughed sardonically.

"Pardon; I forgot that you were a man of high principle, and a light of Exeter Hall. Well, what will you do?"

"I shall tell the truth," said Spenser Churchill with a virtuous uplifting of the eyes. "I shall introduce you to Lady Despard as a musical genius—you are a genius, you know, my dear Percy!—struggling against the difficulties and obstacles insuperable to poverty and—er—that kind of thing. Lady Despard is never so happy as when she is assisting struggling talent, and she will receive anyone whom I recommend: dear Lady Despard! The rest I leave to you. If you cannot find a way to Miss Marlowe's heart then I will confess that I am very much mistaken in you."

"Thanks for your flattering opinion," said Percy, with a short bow. "I will do my best—or my worst, which is it? Meanwhile, touching that ten pounds!"

"You shall have it with pleasure," said Spenser Churchill, and he took a note from his purse and handed it to him with a benevolent smile. "Do not spend it——"

"In riotous living! No, father patriarch, I won't; I will buy myself some decent clothes, and get my hair cut, for I've noticed that your Lady Despards take a great deal more interest in struggling genius when it is clean and neatly dressed."

Spenser Churchill nodded.

"You know the world, I see, my dear Percy. I think that is all we need say. We thoroughly understand each other——"

"I thoroughly understand you," returned the young fellow; "whether you understand me is quite another matter."

"I think I do, I think I do," murmured Spenser Churchill blandly. "I think that you will do your best to win the game which will secure you a charming wife and future independence. Good-bye, my dear Percy. Don't let the new suit of clothes be too resplendent; remember that you are a poor young man of genius."

"I'm not likely to forget the poverty," said Percy slowly. "Good-bye. Mind how

you go downstairs; there are generally from twenty to thirty children asleep on them at this hour, and the parents, strange to say, have an unreasonable objection to having them smashed."

"I will take care," said the philanthropist, and, with a murmured benediction, he ambled out.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEAR me, how interesting!" said Lady Despard.

It was the third day after Doris's arrival, and they were sitting at breakfast in a small room, beautifully cool and shady, and furnished with an elaborate simplicity which, while it avoided all garnish color, was fresh and bright.

A great bowl of roses stood in the centre of the table, from which rose a long fountain of perfumed water. Curtains of the faintest blush-pink threw a warm tint upon her ladyship, who, in her morning gown of delicate chintz, looked like one of the Dresden shepherdesses which stood on the mantel-shelf. Doris, in her white morning frock, with its deep black sash, was the only patch of decided color—if white can be called a color—in the room, but, beside Lady Despard's rather insipid prettiness, her fresh young loveliness looked like one of the roses in the bowl.

She looked up from the coffee cup she was filling from the great silver urn with a faint smile of curiosity. In three days she had learned all that there was to learn of Lady Despard's character, and had grown to like her.

As for her ladyship, she had already taken to the beautiful girl and her quiet, graceful ways and soft, musical voice, and, twenty times in each of the days, had congratulated herself and blessed Mr. Spenser Churchill on having sent her such a treasure.

"Really very interesting!" she repeated, turning over the note she was reading, and regarding it with a pensive smile. "It is from our friend, Mr. Spenser Churchill, dear," she said; "one of his charming little letters. The good that man does in a quiet, unobtrusive way, is really astounding!"

"What has he been doing now?" asked Doris, quietly.

"Why, he has written asking me to help him in assisting a young friend of his who has had a great deal of trouble and all that. He is a great musician,—that is, he ought to be great, you know,—but he is poor and friendless, and Mr. Churchill wants me to take him by the hand. He says that I have such immense influence in the arts and musical world that I can do anything. Of course that's nonsense; that is only his nice way of putting it. But there's the note. Just read it out, dear."

Doris took the letter and read it. It was a charming little composition, as Lady Despard had said, and in the pleasantest way told the story of struggling genius, which only needed Lady Despard's patronage to rise to the heights of success and fame. Might he bring his young friend to see dear Lady Despard? Perhaps, if he might suggest, and her ladyship was disengaged, she would kindly ask them to dinner. He was quite sure she had only to know his dear young friend, Percy Levant, to feel an interest in him for his own sake, and the sake of the Art of which dear Lady Despard was so distinguished a patroness.

Charmingly worded as was the epistle, Doris, as she read it, felt a strange and vaguely indefinite want of faith in it: an incredulity for which she at once took herself to task, as she reminded herself that Mr. Churchill was only doing for the young man that which he had done for her.

"It is a nice letter," she said, handing it back. "Shall you ask him, Lady Despard?"

"Well, yes, dear; I think so," said her ladyship. "I don't know that I can do much for the young man; you see, we go to Florence in a week's time. I might give a concert, and so introduce him to the musical people; but I daresay Mr. Churchill has a plan ready,—he is always so systematic. I wonder what the young man is like. Percy Levant is the name, isn't it? Sounds Greek, doesn't it? I hope he isn't a foreigner: they generally smell so of tobacco, and it's so dreadfully difficult to understand them; and they are not always presentable. There was a Signor Something-or-other, an artist they got me to patronize, and he used to swear dreadfully in Spanish, which no one understood, fortunately."

"Then it did not so much matter," said Doris.

"No," said her ladyship pensively. "I forget what became of him: I think he got into debt, and went back to Spain. There is one of his pictures in the saloon. I hope this young man is presentable. These young geniuses are often so—so *gauche*, and wear such old clothes."

Doris could not help laughing at her ladyship's doubts and fears.

"But genius covers a multitude of sins, doesn't it?" she suggested, and Lady Despard brightened up.

"So it does; and, after all, if he should be a little rough why we can point out that all clever people are eccentric. Didn't Doctor Johnson eat sweet sauce with his fish, and use his knife when he ought to have used his fork?"

"I think he did," said Doris.

"Very well then," said Lady Despard, as if that settled it. "Just write a line and tell Mr. Churchill to bring him to dinner to-night! I think"—doubtfully—"that we'd better not have anybody!"

"In case this genius should eat with his knife," said Doris, with a laugh; and presently she rose and, going to a davenport, wrote the required note.

Lady Despard, with her head on one side, watched her with pensive admiration.

"How lovely you look in that pose, dear," she said. "You certainly have the loveliest profile! And how quickly and—and easily you write! It takes me no end of a time to get my sentences together, and the spelling—I suppose you can spell like a dictionary?"

"Not quite so well," said Doris, with a smile: "but, fortunately, there aren't many words of ten syllables required for this note," and she handed it for Lady Despard's inspection, but her ladyship extended both hands with a gesture of refusal.

"No, dear; I don't want to see it, and won't! I can trust to your taste and discretion, and shouldn't think of being so rude and presuming as to read it! I'm sure it's everything that's nice!"

Doris laughed again.

"You are not very hard to please, Lady Despard," she said, with a little flush.

"I should be if I were not pleased with you, you little snake charmer," responded her ladyship, leaning over her and gently pulling the tiny, shell-like ear. "And now let's go for a drive! I want you to get some roses in those pale cheeks of yours. I think you are looking better already, do you know?"

"I should be very ungrateful if I were not," said Doris. "But hadn't I better tell the butler that these two gentleman are coming to dinner?"

"I declare you think of everything!" exclaimed her ladyship. "You must have been wonderfully trained, Doris!"

A faint flush rose to the pale cheeks, and then left it all the paler for the swiftly passing color.

'Poor people learn to be thoughtful. The dear friend to whom I owe everything, Lady Despard, spent all his life in tender devotion to me!"

"There, I've made you nearly cry!" exclaimed her ladyship, putting her arm round her. "What an awkward idiot I am! But I'll be more careful, dear; I will indeed. And now go and put on that pretty bonnet of yours, and we'll go and work havoc with the hearts of those foolish young men who hang on the rails in the park."

Doris gave the butler the necessary information. Although she had only been three days in the house, Lady Despard had almost handed over the management of it to her, and the servants had commenced to look to her for their orders. It was a strange change from her old life of dependence and excitement, but it was a change which Doris found very grateful; the quiet of the magnificently-appointed house gave her a sense of repose which she needed greatly, and but for the memory of her loss of Jeffrey, but for the dull, aching pain which smote her heart whenever she thought of the man who had stolen her heart in Barton meadows, and tossed it almost contemptuously back to her, she could have been happy.

All day long she strove to put the memory of Cecil Neville away from her, but it haunted her sleeping and waking, and a great dread assailed her that all her life she should strive for forgetfulness and find it not.

As they drove in the park she leant back in the carriage, and—lost to all sense of the crowded drive and the long line of pedestrians, nearly all of whom plucked off their hats to the well-known Lady Despard—let her mind wander back to Barton meadows. She did not observe that she attracted as much attention as pretty Lady Despard herself, and woke with a start when her ladyship, with an arch little laugh, said,—

"I never got so much notice before! I wonder why it is. Can you guess, Doris?"

"I? No," said Doris, innocently.

"Really no? Well, for a really pretty girl I think you are the most modest I have ever met, my dear."

Doris blushed and drew farther back.

"There!" exclaimed her ladyship, "I've put my foot in it again! Never mind, dear, we'll go home now; I'm tired of bowing; besides it's scarcely fair for me to do it all, when half ought to be your share."

Long before the evening Lady Despard had forgotten about the invited guests; but Doris dressed early and arranged some flowers in the small dining room in which the meal was to be served; and thinking that it would be required, arranged as well as she could the music which lay in a confused heap in the rare Chippendale canterbury.

Presently Lady Despard came down, fresh from the hands of her maid, in a costume of Worth's, with which she had been entirely satisfied until she saw Doris's simple frock of black lace with a yellow rose nestling in its bosom for her only ornament.

"How nice you look, dear!" she exclaimed, taking her by the shoulders and holding her at arms' length. "Now I wonder why it is that you always seem just perfectly dressed. That neat little frock of yours is simply exquisite, while mine looks all furbelows and fuss. Where did you learn to dress like that?"

Doris could have answered, "At the best of all schools: the theatre," but instead she smilingly put the question by and praised the other's handsome costume.

They were still talking when a footman announced Mr. Spenser Churchill and Mr. Percy Levant. Lady Despard gave a little start.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed, "I had forgotten them!" and she glided forward to receive them. Doris turned aside for a moment to pick up a flower which had fallen from a vase, then looking round saw Mr. Spenser Churchill waiting with extended hand.

"My dear Miss Marlowe!" he purred, pressing her hand and smiling down upon her with a perfect wealth of benevolence; "I'm so glad, so glad to see you again. Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Percy Levant. May I?"

He stepped on one side, and Doris, looking up, saw a tall, graceful young man, with a face almost perfectly handsome; and as she noticed the well-cut and carefully severe style of his evening dress, she felt surprised and amused. This aristocratic gentleman, with the face of a Greek god, must have startled Lady Despard, with her doubts and fears.

"Miss Doris Marlowe, Percy," said Mr. Spenser Churchill, glancing at him sideways and keen watchfulness.

Percy Levant did not start, but the quick flash of his eyes and a certain quiver of the delicately-formed lips, sufficiently indicated the surprise which fell to his share.

He had imagined a girl, plain almost to ugliness; not only plain, but shy and diffident, and—as he would have put it—bad form; a dark, colorless, governess kind of creature; and this vision of perfect grace and youthful loveliness startled him almost to bewilderment. He bowed low to hide the faint signs of his discomfiture, and Doris, just inclining her head, at once moved away.

Dinner was announced, and Lady Despard, talking in her languidly glowing style, gave her arm to Spenser Churchill, leaving Percy to escort Doris.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AMERICAN CROWNS.—Since the discovery of the New World, seven men have worn an Imperial crown in America. Of these, three were negroes. One in Hayti, Dessalines, a negro slave, brought from the Gold Coast, was crowned on October 8 1804, as Emperor of Hayti, under the name of James I., but killed by a conspirator at the end of two years (October 17, 1806). Another negro, Christophe, reigned for nine years as Emperor Henry I., but committed suicide in despair at his ill fortune, on October 2, 1820.

In 1849 the celebrated Soulouque raised himself to the imperial title, and, as Faustin I. for ten years ruled over blacks and whites with equal cruelty, till forced at last to fly to Jamaica. Mexico has contributed two Emperors to the list: Augustine I., by name Iturbide, a scion of Indian descent, and the unfortunate Maximilian; both of whom were shot by their subjects (in 1823 an 1867, respectively.) The two remaining Emperors were Pedro I. and Pedro II., of Brazil, the former of whom abdicated in 1831 in favor of his little son, who after so long a reign has finally been deposed by the newly erected Republic.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

Bric-a-Brac.

BAD LUCK.—In the West of England, working on Good Friday is considered one of the most deadly sins, and is said to be productive of the worst of bad luck. Whoever washes on this day, say the superstitious, is sure to wash away one of his family, who will die before the year is out. It is, however, lucky to begin the weaning of children on Good Friday, and many people begin to till their gardens on this day, believing that all things put into the earth at the holy season will grow rapidly and return to them a great increase.

MAY.—The Romans called this month Maius, a name given to it by Romulus, out of respect to the nobles and senators of the city, who were called Maiores, and to whom it was dedicated as June was to the younger people. Others derive the name from Maia, the mother of Mercury, who was worshipped on the first day; but it is not impossible that Maia and her day were afterthoughts, when the real origin of the name of May was forgotten. May was under the protection of Apollo; and in it, also, the Romans kept the festival of the Bona Dea. Notwithstanding this, it was regarded as a bad month in which to contract matrimonial engagements.

NOVEL MODE OF TYING HORSES.—The Icelanders have a curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they tie the tail of one horse to the head of the other; and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is impossible that they can move either backwards or forwards, one pulling one way, and the other the reverse; therefore if they are disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle; and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads in the same direction.

THE FUTURE.—To obtain a knowledge of the future is the object of all the strange and mystic rites practised at Hallow tide. The young girls of parts of Ireland sometimes rake out the ashes of the fire overnight, making a perfectly flat surface on the hearth. This is done in the name of the Evil One, and the result is sure to come in a certain and fatal sign, for in the morning a print of a foot will be found distinctly marked in the ashes. If the impress is perfectly flat, it indicates marriage and a long life; but if the toes are bent down in the ashes, death will inevitably follow. They also make a cake of flour mixed with soot, and a spoonful of salt; bake it, and eat it. It will cause thirst, and if a man offers a drink at the time, the girl will assuredly be married before the year is out.

AMERICAN PATENTS.—It is reported that, of the many applications filed in the Patent Office, about 14 000 will probably be granted during the year. Some of the inventions mentioned are curious:—An application of the "Lord's Prayer," repeated in a loud voice, to cure stammering; a weight to be attached to a cow's tail to prevent her twitching it while being milked; a "horse-refresher"—a bit perforated with holes, and connected with a reservoir in the vehicle by a flexible tube, so that the driver can water the animal without stopping. A lady has patented a hair-crimping pin, which may be also used as a paper-cutter, skirt-supporter, child's pin, bouquet-holder, shawl-fastener, or book-mark. A philanthropist has applied for protection to a "snorers' friend," a luxurious contrivance to be attached to church pew back, so that in certain familiar exigencies one may sleep in peace and comfort.

EELS AND LOBSTERS.—Eels are taken on the seashore in enormous hoop nets with broad wings, called "fikes," into which they make their way in large quantities. These fish are strung on willows, and at night the boats begin their voyage up to the market, where they arrive in time to meet the rush of buyers. Such is the demand for willows that some men get a living by supplying the fishermen. In these hauls large quantities of inferior fish called "moss bunkers" are caught, which are sold to the farmers at $15 per 1000 for manuring land. Another strange looking fish is the "horsefoot," so called from the resemblance of the shell to the foot of the horse. These are worth six cents a pound for lobster bait. The fishers of the latter sink what are called lobster pots in the East River, near Hell Gate, New York, and by throwing a mangled horsefoot in each pot it soon contains an unlucky lobster.

ESTRANGEMENT.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

The path from me to you that led,
Untrodden long, with grass is grown—
Mute carpet that his liege spread
Before the Prince Oblivion
When he goes visiting the dead.

And who are they who but forget?
You, who my coming could surmise
Ere any hint of me as yet
Warned other ears and other eyes,
See the path blurred without regret.

But when I trace its windings sweet
With saddened steps, at every spot
That feels the memory in my feet,
Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not,
Where murmuring bees your name repeat.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

"LADY ELWYN has sent me a message?"

"Yes," replied Lucille. "She thinks, on consideration, that it will look better to the servants, and more judicious, if she meets you and speaks to you during these last few days here. She does not want to make a scandal or prejudice your name ——"

"My name!"

"Yes. Now don't look so indignantly at me—it has really nothing to do with me! Your step-mother has taken certain ideas into her head about you—I know nothing about it. Remember how very ill I have been!"

"Yes, I know, Lucille," murmured Kathleen, striving to keep her temper and be calm.

"Well, she wishes to drop all that, and she will not allude to it, and she says, if you will order tea at five o'clock in the large drawing-room and see that there is a good fire, she will come down and have tea there. I will come too of course; it will look better. Don't you agree?"

"Certainly, but I do not see much use in it."

"Well, it was her wish."

"Of course the wishes of my father's widow shall be respected by me."

"Then I can tell her that you will be there to meet her? That it is all right! Thanks awfully for the gee-gee!" she called out after her, as poor Kathleen left the room.

She never gave her a kiss, nor asked her about her own plans, nor offered to the desolate girl one particle of kindness or of sympathy.

At five o'clock accordingly the three ladies met at the tea-table in the large drawing-room.

The fire burnt clearly and the lamps were in; fresh flowers filled the vases, and the silver tea-service glittered brightly in the pleasant light.

In spite of the size of the room, it was a cheerful and cosy-looking repast; but there was no warmth of love or kindness there. Lady Elwyn had pressed a cold kiss upon Kathleen's brow, and taken her by the hand when she entered—that was all; and but for Kathleen's large fortune not even this concession would have been made. She answered the girl's dutiful inquiries concerning her health with languid politeness, and took her cup of tea from her hands; and then she turned to Lucille, and, ignoring Kathleen's presence, began discussing the arrangements of the house in Green Street with her niece.

Kathleen sat silently apart, sipping her tea and eating her scrap of bread-and-butter. She felt very sad and lonely; it was almost worse than being by herself to be left out in the cold like this.

However, she reflected that the gentlemen must be in from their shooting in a very few minutes—in fact, they ought to have been home by now, as it was quite dark.

Their presence would only create a diversion in her favor, and restore her to something like her proper position in the new circle.

Vaguely Lady Elwyn was thinking of something; for she exclaimed presently:

"The men are! They ought to [illegible] by slowly and almost knew not why or [illegible] of uneasiness crept into her mind; a vague restlessness began to steal over her, and her eyes strayed repeatedly towards the door.

In spite of the fire and the warmth of the luxurious room, she felt cold, and shivered a little, as though some vague and unseen influence had invaded it. Suddenly with almost an hysterical cry, she sprang to her feet.

The door was burst open violently, and Simpkins the butler rushed in wildly and flung himself on the floor at Lady Elwyn's feet.

"Oh, my lady," he cried, wringing his hands and seemingly half beside himself, "there's been awful work this day! One of the gentlemen is shot—they are bringing him up to the house now."

"An accident, Simpkins? How did it happen? Who is it? Who is hurt? Who told you? For Heaven's sake, speak, man!" cried Lady Elwyn.

"Oh, my lady," cried Simpkins, "one of them, they say has been shot dead through the heart; but it's not an accident, I fear—it's a murder!"

White as death, but with an awful calmness which froze her very heart to stone, Kathleen laid her hand heavily on his shoulder.

"Who is killed? Speak at once—which is it of the two?"

But Simpkins only burst into a flood of agonized tears as he shook his head and answered:

"I do not know, miss, nor yet who it is as has done the fearful deed."

Ah, but Kathleen knew—knew it, alas, all too well!

* * * * * *

The new Lord Elwyn was dead. He had been shot through the heart by no accident but of deliberate intent and purpose: and his murderer was no other than the new under-keeper.

There had been no mistake or concealment about it. Deliberately and in sight of all who had been present—of Sir Adrian Deverell, of Burgess, and of the lad who followed with the game-bags—the man, who had carried his master's second gun, had pointed it at the victim's breast, and had killed him dead on the spot; then he had flung away the weapon; and, whilst, with cries of horror and dismay, all present had rushed to the help of the unfortunate man and had surrounded his prostrate form, the murderer had run away with all his might across the fields.

Before night nowever, the alarm having quickly spread, and a righteous horror and dismay filling the hearts of all who heard of the catastrophe, large bodies of police had turned out, whilst the common people, armed with staves and ropes, volunteered to help in the search.

The country was scoured, and Tom Darley, who was found hiding in a wet ditch, was, after a desperate struggle, secured, and ere long safely lodged in the county goal at Cloronester, there to await his trial for murderer.

Great was the consternation, deep was the horror, that fell alike upon high and low on learning the terrible news; to no one did the blow come home with a more fearful significance than to the unhappy Kathleen.

In the first dreadful moments of suspense and uncertainty she had not known whether it was the man who was dearest to her on earth who had fallen beneath the murderer's hand; and it was with a sense of heartfelt thankfulness that she saw the tall form of Sir Adrian enter the house from the darkness without.

The frightened ladies stood huddled together in the hall, with a crowd of half hysterical servants behind them, awaiting the terrible home-coming of the master who had gone forth in the morning sunshine well and strong and unsuspicious of his fate.

When Adrian entered the house, Lucille had sprung at his neck and Lady Elwyn had burst into tears whilst wringing his hands; but Kathleen had to stand apart and conceal the unspeakable relief which his appearance caused her.

But, this feeling of thankfulness once over, she became immediately a prey to the most intense remorse.

Of course, if it had been Adrian, it would have been worse; but, even as it was, it was bad enough. Poor Alfred Elwyn had perished at the hands of her low-born lover—and it was she herself who had given him up to his murderer!

This doubtless was the meaning of the feverish questions that Tom Darley had put to her only a few days before; this horrible and brutal murder it was which had been teeming in his brain when he had demanded so peremptorily of her which of the two men it was who stood between them.

And she, although his threats had never ceased to alarm her, although his long-past words of vengeance and retaliation had, like a presentiment of evil, been burnt into her soul—she had been so blind and short-sighted that she had not taken warning or perceived the full import of what he was saying to her.

Even that morning, she told herself, with heart-rending self-reproaches—even that morning, had she used her common sense, she might have averted the evil.

This new under-keeper—whom she had rightly guessed to be the same about whom Burgess had spoken to his friend in her hearing—whom else could he have been save the man who had tried for the same place in vain during her father's lifetime?

Did she not remember now—now, when it was too late—how Tom Darley had offered himself for this very situation years before when first she came to Clortell Towers, and how her father, at her special request, had refused it to him?

How blind, how short-sighted, then had she been not to recognise Tom's identity in the man who had just been appointed! If she had taken the trouble to put all of these things together, the truth would have been clear as daylight to her.

But she had seen nothing; and she had given up poor Alfred to his enemy. It seemed to her that she was morally guilty of his death.

The next few days were a period of mental torture to her. Even the news of Tom's capture only aggravated her misery; for here, it seemed to her, was another victim doomed to a shameful death through her—through her only!

The horrible misfortunes which she had brought upon the men who loved her preyed upon her to an inconceivable degree. All night long she lay sleepless and tearless upon her bed, her heart racked with mental anguish and her head with physical pain.

The day of the inquest was a very terrible one at Clortell Towers. A pall of woe and mourning seemed to have fallen on the beautiful old house, and every soul within it moved and lived as under the oppression of a terrible weight.

A great many of the neighboring gentry gathered at the house in order to hear the inevitable verdict of the Coroner's jury—"Wilful murder against Thomas Darley, keeper."

It was a foregone conclusion that it should be so given; but Kathleen very nearly fainted when she heard of it.

The ladies were sitting by themselves in a darkened room. Suddenly Kathleen staggered to her feet and followed Simpkins, who had brought them the news, out of the room.

"Did you not say that the Duke of Cawthorn is here?"

"Yes, miss."

"Will you ask his Grace to come and speak to me at once, please, Simpkins?" she said.

In a very few minutes the old Duke, looking most grave and solemn, and followed slowly by Sir Adrian, came at her summons.

"My dear," he said kindly, taking the girl's extended hands in his, "I was just coming to find you. My poor child how ill you look! All this has been too much for you! Deverell, I must take this poor child away from this ill-fated house. We cannot permit her to go through the ordeal of a second funeral, can we?"

"It will certainly be kind of you, Duke. I wish you would take her. Was that what you were going to ask of the Duke, Kathleen?"

"Oh, no! Oh, Duke, you are a great man—you must have some influence and power surely! You can save this poor man's life is you will! I entreat—I implore you to do all you can to save him!"

The Duke looked at her in amazement; and even Adrian could scarcely believe he heard her rightly.

"My dear Kathleen, what can you mean? Surely you cannot be alluding to the cold-blooded brutal murderer of my poor friend—to the inhuman wretch who, more like a fiend than a man, for no cause or offence deliberately shot your father's cousin? You cannot, my dear, be suggesting mercy for such a wretch as that?"

"Yes, yes, Duke—it is what I do mean. You may think it strange, but Tom Darley is one of my oldest friends. Oh, do not turn away from me!"

The Duke, with an uncontrollable shudder, dropped her hands and recoiled from her.

"I was brought up in the village where he lived," she continued; "he knew me as a child. He is wicked, I know; but I do most firmly believe that his brain is affected, and that he is not responsible for his actions; and—and, if he is hanged, it will be my fault—my fault just as it is my fault that poor Alfred has been so brutally killed!"

"For Heaven's sake, Kathleen," cried Adrian, in great distress, "do not talk like that! You cannot know what you are saying! It is dreadful that you should identify yourself with this foul murder!"

Kathleen burst into a passion of hysterical tears.

"Her mind is evidently unhinged by all that has happened," said the Duke, in a low voice to Adrian. "I would get her away from the place, if I were you, and put her under a doctor's care."

But he did not again offer to take her with him.

He was inexpressibly shocked and scandalised by her appeal, and turned away coldly and stiffly from the girl who could plead for mercy for the murderer of her cousin, who, if report said truly, had, moreover, been destined to become her husband.

Adrian was left alone with the weeping girl.

"Oh, Kathleen, what have you done?" he cried sorrowfully. "You have alienated your only friend by what you have said. How wrong—how foolish of you! And how can you want that wretched man to be saved from his most richly-merited doom?"

"Do you want me to have two deaths—his as well as Alfred's—upon my conscience?" she cried.

It seemed to Adrian that she raved; he could not understand it. He tried to soothe her as if she had been a child, entreating her not to cry, and stroking her hands tenderly.

"How can such a thing be, my dear?" he asked her gently.

At length she checked her tears and looked up into his face.

"I wonder you too are not shocked and disgusted with me. It sounds dreadful, no doubt; but the Duke of Cawthorn does not know my history, and even you can scarcely understand it. For some years of my life I was very fond of poor Tom Darley. I looked upon him as a kind elder brother, and he looked upon me as his future wife. If a man sends his child to be brought up amongst farmers and villagers, and she believes herself to be one of them, how is it possible that such complications can be avoided? Tom Darley loved me dearly; it is jealousy that has driven him mad. I was always afraid that he would be revenged on any man whom he fancied I cared for; and, when he would ask me, only three days ago, I told him with my own lips that Alfred was the man who wanted to marry me and who stood in his light—do you understand?—I told him, knowing very well as I said the words that he would probably do some dreadful thing to him!"

"Why did you tell him, Kathleen?" Sir Adrian whispered, an expression of horror creeping into his eyes. "What made you? Why did you?"

"To save you—you," she answered, "because I loved you, and didn't care for him! He was suspicious of you—I wanted to avert his suspicion; for, if he had known that I loved you, he would assuredly have murdered you instead of Alfred. Now do you understand when I say that I am guilty of his murder?"

Sir Adrian was very pale.

"Great heavens, this is terrible!" he exclaimed.

He was appalled when he considered how easily Alfred's fate might have been his own—how small a thing it was that had saved him from being now stretched in the place of the murdered man.

He began to perceive too what Kathleen's mental sufferings must be at the terrible result of her distracted effort to save the man she loved, and how horrible must be the burden of her remorseful anguish.

"My poor child, it is enough to drive you mad!" he cried compassionately. "Your misery must indeed be great!"

"Adrian will you not help me to save that wretched man? You understand now what I feel. The Duke thought me only heartless and brutal; but you must see that if his sentence could be softened—if he could be proved insane—which I verily and truly believe him to be—then I should at any rate not have his blood upon my head as well as poor Alfred's."

"I will do all I can, Kathleen, for the sake of your peace of mind and to ease you of this horrible remorse; but, if I fail, you must not be surprised."

"Oh, Adrian, how good you are!"

"You must promise me to do what I ask of you then, and to be patient."

"I will do everything you tell me," she

answered gratefully.

When she had left him, Sir Adrian went into Lady Elwyn's morning-room. He found the Duke of Cawthorn sitting there with the two ladies, and at a glance he perceived that the Duke had been telling them of Kathleen's extraordinary request.

"Well," he heard Lady Elwyn exclaim as he entered the room, "I have certainly not got on very well with poor Edward's daughter; but I could never have credited her with such atrociously unnatural feelings!"

Sir Adrian looked at the ladies and their companion.

"Are you talking of poor little Kathleen?"

"My dear Adrian, do not waste your compassion upon that wretched girl! If you were to hear what the dear Duke has been telling us——"

"I know quite well. But, Lady Elwyn, the Duke does not know as I do how many excuses there are for the poor girl."

"Adrian always makes excuses for her," interpolated Lucille, in sweetly venomous tones.

"If I were at liberty to explain all, which I fear I may not do——"

Lucille laughed softly and very scornfully.

"No, that is just it, my dear boy! You always know so much good of her, but you are never able to tell us about it."

"I confess," said the Duke stiffly, "that Mrs. Elwyn's remarks have been a considerable shock to me. I was interested in her and felt very sincerely for her; and her dear father, Lady Elwyn, as you well know, was one of my best friends. I shall do my duty to Kathleen with regard to the administration of her fortune; but I cannot continue to take an affectionate interest in a young woman who openly expresses a desire to save her cousin's murderer from his just doom."

The Duke got up and shook Lady Elwyn's hand.

Adrian felt how unjust all this was, yet he was powerless to tell all he knew of Kathleen.

"She believes this man to be insane," he said.

The old Duke waved his hand contemptuously.

"Let her wait to see whether the jury will consider him to be so. A mere assumption of that kind founded upon no reasonable basis is not sufficient to determine any sensible being to endeavor to arrest the course of justice. Miss Elwyn's mind, as I said before, appears to be unhinged; that is the best excuse that can be made for her. If you will take my advice, Lady Elwyn, you will place her in a doctor's family until she has recovered. Meanwhile of course I must withdraw my offer of taking her home with me. In justice to the Duchess, I could not venture on such a step. I have always hitherto considered her a charming girl."

"Ah, that is because you did not know her well, Duke," cried Lady Elwyn spitefully.

"Well, certainly I now see how easily one may be deceived, and that a pretty face and pleasing manners do not always coincide with high principles and right feelings. Good-bye, dear Lady Elwyn—and you too, Miss Lucille. I am very glad that you have decided to hasten your departure to London—in the circumstances it will be far better for you both."

Then the old gentleman took his hurried departure.

After he had gone, Adrian made one more desperate effort to induce Lady Elwyn to take Kathleen up to Green Street with her; but the attempt was ineffectual. Lady Elwyn was more bitter than ever against her step-daughter.

"She is a bad girl, Adrian—either bad or mad! I will have nothing to do with her!" she cried angrily.

Lucille laughingly suggested that the Duke's advice should be followed, and Kathleen be relegated to Doctor Grieve's care in Clorchester.

"Fat vulgar Mrs. Grieves would be a mother to her, and perhaps one of those dreadful young Grieveses—the one with the squint, let us say—might marry her; and that would be a provision for her without any further bother."

Adrian was too angry to notice these cruel remarks.

"It is certain that she cannot remain here—not another twenty-four hours!" he said, more to himself than to the inhuman women who refused to befriend her.

But what on earth was to become of her?

Another Lord Elwyn, upon whom the title had devolved with unexpected strangeness, was expected to arrive that night. This man was a very distant cousin whose chances of succession had been so remote that nobody in the family had ever taken the trouble to make his acquaintance.

He was a poor man encumbered with a large family, and had been residing in a small foreign town for many years past in order to live cheaply and to educate his children economically.

Mr. Williams had his address, and telegraphed to him on the day of the murder. As he was a complete stranger, Lady Elwyn and Lucille had not naturally felt that it was unnecessary that they should meet him; and it was very certain that Kathleen, of whose birth and history he was in ignorance, could not be left behind to encounter this unknown cousin.

Lucille's voice, sharp and cold, broke in upon the painful meditation in which Adrian's perplexity concerning her fate had plunged him.

"Anyhow, Adrian, I cannot see what concern of yours it is. Why on earth are you constituting yourself her defender and guide?"

"Simply because she has not another friend on earth save myself!"

"It is most unsuitable that you should proclaim yourself to be her only friend; and, what is more, it is a very poor compliment to me—and I don't mind saying that I don't like it."

Adrian got up and crossed the room to Lucille's side; he sat down beside her, and taking one of her hands, looked earnestly at her, and said, in a low voice:

"Lucille, this poor girl is, like yourself, an orphan. Will you not stand by and help her? Will you not leave your aunt to go alone to Green Street and stay with her and be a sister to her—if only for a week or two? And, when we are married, will you not second my most earnest desire that she shall find a home with us?"

He might as well have appealed to a stone for pity. Miss Maitland sprang angrily to her feet.

"No—I am certain that I will do nothing of the sort! What—take that wretched girl to live with us when we are married; so that you may amuse yourself by flirting with her from morning till night? Is it likely that I am going to be such a fool? And, as to leaving my aunt now, when she wants me so much and is alone in the world, it is perfectly ridiculous of you to suggest such a thing!"

Lady Elwyn, who had done her best to overhear what was passing between them, thought that she gathered enough from what she caught of Lucille's indignant answers to guess what sort of propositions Sir Adrian had been making to her. She called out from the other side of the room—

"Really I am sick to death of Kathleen Elwyn and her concerns! She has been thrust down our throats until we are tired of the very sound of her name! You can do no good by championing her, Adrian. Naturally enough Lucille does not like it; and, if you go on in this absurd fashion, you will set people talking, and they will say all sorts of unpleasant things about her and her connection with you. You are absolutely in no way related to her. I really can't see either what all the fuss about is for! The girl is left ridiculously rich—with money, people need never be without friends and acquaintances; she has her maid, and she has her money. For Heaven's sake, let her go up to London and look after herself, and don't let us be bothered any more about her!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A FULL TEN MINUTES before the mid day train from Clorchester was due at Paddington Station Miss Mary Hale was walking up and down the platform awaiting its arrival.

Mary Hale was one of the most delightful people in the world. She was not in the least pretty; for, although she had bright shining hair and honest gray eyes, her nose was everything that a nose has no business to be, and her mouth was wide and shapeless.

Her complexion also left much to be desired, for it was covered with freckles; nor could any one have been found to compare her figure to that of a goddess or hands and feet to those of a fairy.

Nevertheless, when one had known Mary Hale for twenty-four hours, one forgot all about these things, and remembered only how true was the level glance of her gray eyes, how infectiously gay was her laugh, and how fascinating was the ring of her melodious voice.

She was like sunshine, always warming and invigorating; and it was impossible to be in her presence and not to be the better for it.

Mary Hale had had many troubles in her short life; but she had always met them bravely and unflinchingly.

When she was at the Brussels school with Kathleen Elwyn, she had been the idolized only child of very rich parents; and shortly after she had left school her hand had been sought and her heart won by a handsome young officer in a Cavalry regiment, with whom she was desperately in love.

Then all at once life became altered for her for ever. Mr. Hale who was a merchant in a very large way of business, discovered that he had for a long time been disgracefully robbed and swindled by his head-manager.

A sudden depression in trade flung him on his beam-ends; the merchant was unable to meet his liabilities, and failed for half a million of money. Everything went to the creditors—house, furniture, pictures, plate, and jewelry; and Mrs. Hale not to be behind hand in the sacrifice, gave up even her settlement to be flung into the insatiable gulf.

The Hales were left penniless; and the second and hardest of Mary's troubles was that Captain Algeron Forderosse immediately backed out of his engagement to the ex-heiress.

Blow upon blow followed. Her father and mother, broken by adversity and disappointment, died within a very few months of each other; and Mary, beggard of everything, was left to face the world alone.

She went out to earn her daily bread as a governess—and a remarkably dry and unpalatable kind of bread she found it to be.

Nevertheless she had made the best of it, and strove not only to do her duty to her employers, but to bring cheerfulness and not depression into other people's homes.

When she received Kathleen's letter asking her to give up her situation and to come to live with her as her companion in London, she accepted the proposal with the utmost joy and delight.

She had to forfeit a whole quarter's salary in order to get away from her place; but she did not mind that, and gladly hurried up to town in order to make everything ready for her friend's arrival.

Her little figure, compact and neat, but not especially graceful or remarkable, dressed with Quaker-like simplicity in a costume of dark-gray tweed, paced impatiently up and down the platform while she waited for the train.

She was a little nervous; for she had done a great many things upon her own responsibility in Kathleen's name—taken a furnished house and engaged three servants amongst others—and she wondered whether Kathleen would be pleased, or whether she would censure her for her precipitancy.

When the train came in, she soon perceived a tall young lady in deep mourning followed by her maid, getting out of a first-class carriage; then Kathleen came running towards her.

"Oh, Mary, how good of you to come to meet me!"

"Of course I came!" answered Mary simply. "I did not want you to arrive in London without a welcome."

The two girls kissed each other fondly; both were friendless and desolate and stood in need of mutual help and sympathy.

London, where Kathleen had never been before, looked very dreary and bleak under the leaden skies of February, while an east wind blew keenly and bitterly at every street corner.

All the way in the cab from Paddington to South Kensington she sat very still, holding Mary's hand looking sadly out of the window at the dull-looking streets and squares.

The great city and its interminable rows of houses did not much look like home after her beautiful Clorteli, to which she had bidden an eternal adieu only a few hours before.

It had been a terrible ending to her happy life there. There had been no farewells spoken between her step-mother and her niece and herself.

Lady Elwyn had sent her a message to say that, as she preferred to travel to London by a different train, she herself would go by an early morning one, and she requested Miss Elwyn to defer her departure till the middle of the day.

Kathleen was therefore to be left alone in the great house, and to start by herself upon the first stage of her new existence.

Adrian would have liked to remain in order to escort her up to town; but he found that he would give such dire offence to Miss Maitland by the action that he was obliged reluctantly to abandon the idea.

He went up stairs to wish Kathleen good-bye when the carriages that were to convey Lady Elwyn and her party to the station were actually at the door.

"I shall come and see you very soon in London, Kathleen. Keep a good heart, dear! I am glad that Miss Hale has acted so promptly and sensibly in taking a furnished house for you—an hotel would have been a terrible experience. I hope you will get on with her."

"I think I shall. Of course we were both very merry and foolish at school, and I do not know at all whether we shall suit each other now; but Mary has had troubles too—sadder troubles even than mine—so we have at least a mutual sympathy to draw us together."

"I shall come and see you both very soon," he said again.

And then a servant came to say that the ladies were waiting for him, and he was obliged to go.

After he was gone and the house was quite empty, Kathleen crept down-stairs, and, bearing in her hand a huge bunch of stephanotis-blossoms which she herself had gathered from the hot-houses that morning, turned the key of the library door and softly entered the darkened room.

All the furniture had been pushed to one side, and the walls were draped with heavy black hangings. In the centre of the room the closed coffin, covered by a black-and-silver pall, had been placed upon trestles.

Upon it was piled a great heap of crosses and wreaths of flowers sent by sympathizing neighbors, whilst a couple of lighted candles shed a dim radiance over the gloom of the chamber of death.

Kathleen laid her stephanotis flowers reverently upon the coffin, and, kneeling down by its side, shed some of the bitterest tears that had ever fallen from her eyes over the tragic fate of the new Lord Elwyn.

This was the only farewell that was left to her to say in the house where so many eventful days of her life had been spent, and the solemnity of this last adieu was before her eyes during the whole of her solitary journey up to London.

The sight of Mary's bright face gave the first wholesome change to her melancholy thoughts; but it was only when she arrived at her new home that her keen interest and delight in the pretty red brick house which Miss Hale had taken for her made the color come back to her wan cheeks and the light into her sad eyes.

Certainly Miss Hale had found a very charming home for her friend. Claymore Gardens was one of those terraces of bright red houses which are fast rising one after another in the south-western district of London.

They were medium-sized houses with pretty quaint-shaped widdows and balconies, and with clean white woodwork outside as well as in.

A strip of grass and trees in front of them bore out their right to the title of "Gardens" and gave to them the benefit of a little more daylight and air than others of their less fortunate neighbors.

Inside, the house was tastefully decorated and very comfortably furnished, and, with bright fires in the grates, flowers on the mantelpieces, and palms in china pots about the rooms, books from Mudie's on the book shelves, and five o'clock tea spread upon a small table in front of the fireplace, Kathleen's new drawing room looked thoroughly cosy and home like. She felt at once that she might be happy here if it were not for the load of care upon her mind.

Nevertheless she turned gratefully to her companion, and thanked her warmly for the thoughtful pains that she had taken to prepare so charming a home for her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PREJUDICE is a queer thing all around, and no mistake. "I don't like that fellow," said Blinks. "Wrote him a letter, to which he made no reply." "But, Charles," said Mrs. Blinks, "you never mailed your letter. How could he reply to it?" "Can't help it. Took a dislike to him before I found it out, and have had it ever since."

FIRST BOY—Oh, I got away with mother to-day. She tried to make me come in the house so she could whip me, and I would not do it.

SECOND BOY—Bully for you! What did she do?

"Oh, she whipped me, but she had to come out in the yard to do it."

LET BYE-GONES BE BYE-GONES.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

Be kind to each other, for time is departing;
It may be that some of us see not the May;
Oh let not the thoughts of old injuries smarting,
Prevent ye from doing kind actions to-day.

Too short, all too short, is the time that is fleeting
For man to nurse anger and wrath in his breast;
Give, then, to each friend, and each brother a greeting,
And give double portion to him thou lov'st best.

Let bye-gones be bye-gones. What recks is that broken
Last year was the rose by the thunder king's dart?
See, she puts forth her white buds again, as a token
That, though she was stricken, yet sound is her heart.

Learn ye from flower, that sweet is the feeling
Of him who forgiveth his enemy's ire;
Foe turneth to friend, and in spirit low-kneeling,
Blooms forth a new rose from the storm-stricken briar.

A Year and a Day.

BY J. M. JACKSON.

"SAY, OLD man, will you come to Watch-Night service to-night?"

It was on the last day of the year that this question was asked me by my friend and almost constant companion for the past few years of my life.

The speaker was a young man of medium height, broad and well-built, of pleasing countenance and agreeable manner, though rather taciturn. He was one of those men whom you do not measure so much by their words as by their actions.

Could you have been transported from the scene of your labors, many thousand mile away, to the town of Torbay, Canada, and looked in at a certain window in that city, you would have seen a pair of young men seated comfortably beside a cosy fireplace, in which blazed and crackled an immense wood-fire, each pulling away contentedly at a cigar and talking between whiffs.

The room in question was part of my bachelor quarters, situated on the outskirts of the town, where we frequently adjourned to discuss the latest topics of the day, the last ball, and very often the many pretty girls whom we had met in the course of the week's wanderings.

For, be known, Torbay was justly celebrated for its pretty girls. My friend was a third year med., and I—well, I was merely a gentleman of adventure—though I do not wish you to mix me up with footpads, with whom I had nothing whatever in common.

The night was one of those glorious, exhilarating nights that are to be had only in Canada.

It was perfectly clear and bright, but intensely cold. The moon was shining brilliantly, and made the heavens seem like a lake of fire. There was no noise to be heard if I except that made by a board, that here and there cracked, owing to the intensity of the cold.

Everything was still, and to look out and see the tall trees, standing like so many ghostly sentries on duty, reminded one of the early days before our ancestors settled here, when the Indian and buffalo inhabited the wilderness and perfect silence reigned around. I used to glory in those nights, and do still.

"Well, what do you say?" repeated my tormentor.

"Oh, yes, I'll go," I said quickly; "but you are somewhat early in the evening, are you not?"

"Yes, I know it's early, but I thought I would drop in as I was passing, and find out if you would come. At present I have some business down town that I must attend to as soon as possible. I'll look in on you about eleven o'clock."

"All right, good-bye," said I, and he was gone.

It was early, only about 7.30, and I had ample time to finish a very interesting book which I held in my hand, but lately published—a book which set me thinking deeply.

It was a volume on the relation of mind to matter, and after finishing it my mind unconsciously wandered from that subject to the somewhat similar ones of mind-reading, power of the eye, and hidden forces. I was pretty deep in these ruminatings when I was once more roused by my friend.

I laid down my cigar, got my great-coat on, and with fur cap and gauntlets sallied forth. Each of us was busily engaged with his own thoughts, and not a word was spoken for some time. Charlie Gray, always taciturn, was extremely grave this evening.

"Let's hear from you, old man," I said; "you're as solemn as an owl to-night. What's up?—not been thrown over, I hope?"

Now, I had an instinctive knowledge that this was the subject of which he was thinking.

"What's that!" he replied suddenly. "Oh, no, it's not so bad as that, but, do you know, I am thinking of putting it to the test and having the thing settled."

So much for mind-reading. On this point I agreed with him—for one or two particular reasons, first of which was that he was not the only man in love with Miss Travers, for I may as well state that I also believed that there was no fairer divinity on this earth than the Miss Travers above named.

I do not know how many more shared the same opinion, but their number was not few. My angel was—but I will not attempt to describe her, because I cannot. I had observed, too, that Miss Travers never gave him any encouragement that I could see, so I felt pretty safe.

Consequently, I wished him to propose and be rejected, which I supposed would be the inevitable result. I said so; that is, I said I thought it would be a good thing also, if he settled the question at once. This decided it. He said he would on the first favorable opportunity.

After service was over and when the bells were still ringing in the New Year, I suggested that we should take a turn or so around the block, before wending our way homewards, as it was such a beautiful night.

To this my companion assented. As we moved briskly along, I remember wondering where we should both be at that time next year, and, strange to say, whether I should be with my friend on next New Year's morning at such an early hour. I did not think it unlikely, as we were great friends, but little did I think that we should truly be together, though under such horrible circumstances.

When I went to sleep that night my thoughts seemed to get all jumbled together, and I dreamed an incoherent dream of Miss Travers and mind-reading, and Charlie was brought into the dream in some outlandish way that I could not recollect when I awoke.

I seldom dreamed of what I had been thinking of immediately before falling off to sleep, which I always thought rather strange, so that in this instance the fact was impressed on my memory, although the dream nearly all vanished.

I did not see Charlie for a few days, but, when I did meet him again, I knew by his manner that he had not put the three or four words which would make him the happiest of men or crush his hopes to dust and leave him without spirit or ambition. For Charlie was a man of strong passions and great depth of feeling, and I did not like to think of what would be the result, as far as he was concerned, should he be unsuccessful in his suit.

Like myself, he was an ardent sportsman, and, during his long holidays, when he could spare time from his reading, we often used to put in a day of rare sport in the neighboring bush, knocking over every sort of game that was fortunate or unfortunate enough to appear.

These were as happy days as I ever experienced, and I think I might say the same for my friend. Alas! how few were these days to be for him, for, to make a long story short, he proposed and was rejected.

How true it is that we feel a certain joy in the misfortune of others! In this case, of course, I had no reason to rejoice. Here was one rival out of my path, not a dangerous one perhaps. I was indolent, and preferred to take things easily rather than try my luck at once.

I never did things in a hurry. My friends said that such a mode of procedure would not suit my style and size. However that may be, I generally "got there just the same," as our cousins over the line frequently say.

The gay season was fast drawing to a close, and with it the usual number of social gatherings and parties, to most of which I was invited. Charlie went occasionally, but not quite so often as formerly.

It was after one of these parties, towards the close of March, that he accompanied me to my rooms, and, taking up a cigar, proceeded to light it in his usual methodical way.

After pulling away at it for some time in silence, he laid it carefully down and said rather suddenly:

"Jack, I am going to Texas on Wednesday." (This was Monday.)

"What!" I returned, "nonsense, Charlie! whatever has put that notion into your head?"

"Well, this is no place for me: I never feel at home here, and I am going there for a change, and to try my hand in some of those land-deals," he replied.

"Really, you know, old fellow, this is awfully sudden; why can't you wait a couple of weeks or so?" said I, wishing to dissuade him from his purpose.

I had little expectation of doing this, however, for Charlie Gray was a man who calmly made up his mind to a step before taking it and then it was almost impossible to alter his decision, as I knew from long experience.

"No, I am going on Wednesday; the sooner the better," and so saying he took up his cigar and smoked away diligently. I, too, did the same.

I was afraid these were not his only reasons, perhaps they were not the real reasons, for his precipitous leave-taking; but I could not question him further, trusting that he would let me into the secret before he went. I was not surprised at this announcement.

Charlie had lived most of his life in the Western States, and had become accustomed to the wild life. It would only be revisiting the scenes of his boyhood after all, and I always thought the rough, roving life he used to lead in the Far West had a peculiar fascination for him. He never betrayed it, however, nor said as much to me.

Whatever may have been his reasons for this proposed journey, he did not disclose; but, true to his word, he departed on Wednesday for Texas.

"Let's hear from you sometimes," said I, with a farewell grasp of the hand as the train moved off.

Time rolled on, summer came and went, and now autumn was upon us, with its many-tinted hues and delightful evenings for promenades.

My visits to Miss Travers became more frequent; in fact, I think I made her take my friend's place as well as her own in my affections. But for a short time I "forewent," so to speak, these pleasures, as it was now approaching the time of the year when I went on my annual fall shooting trip up north, to a place named Huntsville, where abundance of all sorts of game was to be had for the trouble of going after it; in fact, it was a regular hunter's paradise and rendezvous of local sportsmen and others from a distance.

My self formed a party for this purpose, and a jovial one it was, and bid a brief good-bye to our sisters and cousins, and other people's sisters, too.

We had been there about a week, with fair success, when one day we fell in with another party of hunters, one of whom called me by name.

"Hallo, Creighton," said he, "have you been here long?"

I turned and faced the speaker a moment, but could not remember who he was.

"Oh, come now," he continued, "that's good. Aren't you going to shake hands with a chap?"

"Well," I replied, "I'll shake hands, since you know me; but, by George, I don't know you."

"What! do not you remember Tom Gray?"

Sure enough, it was he. Tom, I may state, was Charlie's cousin. I had not met him for about four years. He was a surveyor, and had been in the north for some time, busily engaged with the duties of his profession.

To add to the difficulty of recognising him, he had grown a beard and looked like one of the bears we were going after, so that it was not strange I did not recall his face.

We drifted into conversation, and I learned from him that as he would have some spare time on his hands that winter, it was his intention to take a trip to California, on business and pleasure, and possibly to look in on Charlie before leaving the country.

He proposed to come home via British Columbia, so as to enjoy that justly celebrated voyage up the Pacific coast, which at that time of the year would be simply charming.

It was his wish that I should accompany him. Why not? I had nothing particular to occupy my time, and so, after a little consideration, I agreed.

After another week or so in the neighborhood, our party broke up; some went back home and some farther north. I would hear of nothing else than that Tom should come back with me and stay until we departed for the "Gold City."

He was a very pleasant fellow lively indeed, sociable and jolly, just the sort of man you would like for a travelling companion. He was not at all like his cousin, but there was much to admire in both.

During Charlie's absence, I had only received two or three communications from him. These were indicative of the man, brief but comprehensive, and from them I gathered that he was not experiencing the success he anticipated.

He had been unsuccessful in some large speculations, and talked of moving from where he then was. The last letter either of us received before starting was post-marked "Cuthbert's Run, California."

Winter had again come upon us, with its glorious mantle of snow which silently covered hilltop and dale, city and country alike.

But, in the mean time, how was my suit progressing? Very favorably. Her father, a wealthy old gentleman, had retired some eight or ten years before.

He had amassed a comfortable fortune out of speculations in land and mines, and as he looked with satisfaction on the ever-increasing attachment between us, I had no thought of breaking away from my bachelor life in a hurry.

Mrs. Travers had died a number of years before, so that her father's was the only assent I needed, if I expect her own consent, which, of course, would be of some importance.

How long things might have progressed in this nonchalant manner, had they been undisturbed, I do not know; but it is very certain that for once events transpired that made me accelerate my usual easy pace in all matters, whether love or business. The way of it was this.

A certain Hrrry Porteous, of whom I had often heard Miss Travers speak—a distant cousin of hers—came out to Canada at this time. As soon as I met him I judged, and rightly, that I never could like him. I suppose it was jealousy.

It annoyed me to think of that fellow as continually being her companion. She would have his society forced upon her, and I was quite alarmed at the chances he would have of being attentive to her. These feelings to me were quite new. I never got alarmed. Many was the cigar and pipe that I smoked, as I sat in my chambers and silently turned this matter over in my mind.

This abominable fellow stuck so close to my adored one that it was with difficulty I could see her now. In about three weeks' time we contemplated taking our journey to the south and west, and I wished to have this important question settled before then.

Of late I fancied that this rival's society had not been so very distasteful to Miss Travers, and this maddened me. At last my opportunity came. It was at a large ball given in honor of one of the most distinguished men of the day, lately arrived in his native country from a foreign land. I went.

I knew my angel would be there. I also knew, or expected, that idiot Porteous would be there. He was, and so was my angel. Well, he could not monopolise her all the evening, anyway, thank heaven! But he did his best, and really he did very creditably.

Could he have heard the wild ravings of several gentlemen acquaintances present, not to speak of myself, I am sure he would not have felt flattered. I do not know why it was, but I never felt much concerned when Charlie had paid attention to her, nor even when he declared his intention of proposing.

I fancy that it was because I secretly felt he had no chance, but this—this—distant relative was rather prepossessing, and, I may add, not without accomplishments. It was not to be endured.

Reader, if of the male sex, I appeal to you. Have you ever been in my position? If so, then you have experienced my feelings. So, when the long-desired opportunity presented itself, after a delicious waltz, we strolled into the conservatory, and, I believe, that was the only time I was hasty in my life. I hardly know what I said, but it seem an hour before I got an answer.

Then it was one word, but made me the happiest of men. What did I care for Harry Porteous then, or all the other Porteouses in the universe! It was as I hoped. He had been so persistent in his endeavors to win her affections that she could not escape him, and was too ladylike to be otherwise than polite.

It must have been an awful blow to him; but I rejoiced exceedingly. When he saw how things stood he packed his traps and left for other quarters—I believe Australia.

If he had not done so, I do not think I should have gone on the California trip and left my affianced with him, and then this story might never have been written. But, once again, my good luck was with me. I

wanted but a few days now, ere we set out on our long journey.

In my clear moments, I began to wonder what Charlie was doing, and why we had not received a letter for such a long time. Poor fellow! when my cup of joy was full, I could feel for him, and realize what he had lost.

Why had not Charlie written? I feared he had once more taken to the old wild life, with the prospect of a tragic death in that lawless country.

He was a brave man, but I knew his nature well. Then I wondered if he could be dead, but dismissed both ideas as being all wrong, and concluded that he was too busy to write, or that perhaps the letter had gone astray.

I had arrangements to make of two different kinds. The most important, however, were between Miss Travers and myself, by which we agreed to do nothing in the way of setting a certain date till after I reached home from my touring through the States.

The other arrangements were simply making a few necessary purchases incidental to a rough and probably prolonged journey. The 15th of December saw us fairly on our way. Nothing of interest occurred during our passage, and eventually we reached the 'Golden State;' here we were at a loss to know just where to alight, as Charlie was some miles inland when we last heard from him.

Fortunately, however, we had less difficulty than we anticipated. We fell in with some miners who gave us the desired information. They said that Charlie was at Roscoe, a settlement not many miles distant. It was a mining camp, and not celebrated for its law-abiding population. We soon reached the place, and, alighting, started to find the town.

After a short walk we came upon a frame building, from whence issued loud sounds of hilarity mixed with occasional curses. It was now dusk, and we decided to enter this place, as it seemed as good as any of its kind, and put up for the night.

As we approached we were suddenly startled to hear a pistol shot, followed by loud yells. We hurried forward and saw a man hastily leave the building, mount a horse, and ride furiously away, pursued by a score of others also mounted.

Why was it that when I entered this building I knew instinctively that it was Charlie Gray that had been shot? I cannot explain it, but certain it is that I had a mysterious presentiment that such was the case. It was true.

We broke through the circle of bystanders and perceived the object of our search. Poor Charlie! His life would soon be over. He was a sorry looking shadow of his former self.

It appears that the facts of the case were these. A number of men had been engaged in gambling. Amongst these was Charlie. On the table, which stood in the centre of the room, were cards and revolvers. Each man placed his weapon beside him as he began to play.

There had been more or less cheating, and one burly ruffian, a noted desperado, had accused Charlie of the deception, which he indignantly denied. His reply angered the fellow, who suddenly drew his revolver and shot poor Charlie just above the heart. It was the work of a second.

Our first thought was to follow the murderer, but on consideration we abandoned the idea, as we did not know the country, and furthermore felt that the work of catching him was in good hands.

"Hullo, old man! you here?" said Charlie faintly.

"Yes, my dear fellow," said I.

Then he caught sight of Tom.

"Ah, Tom, you're rather late; my end has about come."

The miners, seeing we knew him, drew away and left us. Tom's grief was great. He felt that he should have come sooner, and has always reproached himself for his delay. We both swore that, cost what it might, one of us would make the outlaw pay dearly for his work that night. We were saved the trouble.

He was shortly afterwards brought back by his captors, who had come up with him a few miles from the scene of the tragedy. He was not secured, however, till he had wounded two men. It was no wonder he fought so desperately, for, figuratively speaking, he had a rope round his neck, and, as he discovered later on, he had one round his neck in reality.

In two minutes or less after he had been brought in he was suspended to the limb of a tree near by—a horrible spectacle of border justice. Retribution came swift and sure.

Charlie was a great favorite with the men, and we must excuse them if there were some that quietly stepped aside to hide their feelings. He was very near the end now. We did what we could for him, which was not much.

There was no doctor in the neighborhood, but a physician could not have lengthened the already numbered moments of his life. He realized this fact and requested that none be sent for. He delivered his dying message to us in a few broken words. Poor fellow! he had not much to leave. Then he seemed desirous of saying something which seemed to be on his mind. It was with difficulty he spoke. Almost his last words were:

"Did you—get her, Miss—Travers?"

"Yes," I replied, "I did."

"I am glad," he replied; "she was—too good—for me. I can die happy now. Good-bye—Jack—good bye—Tom."

And with these words our former friend and companion passed away.

It was then early on New Year's morning, only a short year ago, when we were both happy and light-hearted. Why had he not remained in Canada?

In conclusion, I will just say that, after seeing the mortal remains of our beloved friend consigned to their final resting-place, we started for home, but not as we had planned, by the Pacific coast. We were in no mood to enjoy ourselves, but took the first train and went direct home.

A FEW HEALTH HINTS.

The symptoms of a case of debility, both mental and bodily, may seem trifling to others, but they are very real and hard to bear by the patient herself. Big healthy folks think thus:

"Well, if she is not strong enough to walk, let sit down or lie down on the sofa and rest."

Rest! Little they know that it is precisely when seeming to rest, or when in what other people would call a position to rest, that our delicate girls suffer the most. There is an uneasiness in every muscle and nerve, often amounting to almost a gnawing, that is difficult to describe; and even when this is present the thinking faculty goes on with an unpleasant speed that as surely wears away the system as falling water does the stones. There is really oftentimes more rest for our invalid in moving about, be it ever so slowly.

But I need dwell no more on this symptom, which those who suffer only know too well; only, sufferers may do a good deal for themselves.

They must first and foremost disabuse their minds entirely of the notion that they can regain health from medicine bottles or pill boxes.

These will be placed within their reach by the family physician when and only when wanted, but they are only aids to the general treatment.

Food is the first essentially. This becomes a stumbling-block in the road to many who are trying to get well. They think they should eat as others do.

It would often be better for them if they gave up eating entirely, till driven to seek food by the pangs of an honest appetite. They so often forget that food swallowed is not food digested.

It is not what one eats, but what one digests, that benefits the system. A lunch biscuit with a glass of peptonised milk will often do far more good than a dinner of meat and vegetables.

The plan of taking wine to stimulate the appetite is one that cannot be recommended. Food eaten and undigested is, to a very large extent, as pernicious as poison. The word "poison" may be a very strong one; what I mean to convey is that undigested food is an irritant, and very bad results are nearly sure to follow its existence in the system.

It is bad enough for the healty to force eating or to over-eat, but it is dangerous for the invalid to do so. An invalid may tell me, "I do not eat too much." But I reply that the term "too much" is a relative one, and what a healthy individual might live on may be "too much" for her.

"Well," she may say, "I do not feel the bad results we usually attribute to over eating."

"Stay," I reply again, "there are other symptoms less prominent, namely, dulness, coldness, and generally uneasy feeling, etc., and these are all placed to the credit of 'this depressing weather,' while as a rule it is the stomach that is at fault."

Let one beware of the folly of the exploded doctrine, "little and often." If ever "little and often" be required, the physician will tell you.

As a rule; with very few exceptions, it is better to wait for an appetite. This appetite may not. Indeed it is not likely to be, a voracious one; it may be simply the desire for something, or a feeling of languor and weariness. Then attend to it.

Fluid food is never necessary when solids can be borne. The lean of well cooked meat, not overdone, mutton or beef, fowl, game, fish—not the oily sorts—eggs and milk with toast instead of bread, are all invaluable. Fruit in summer is also of great value.

Green vegetables are also good in moderation; mashed and eaten seasoned with a little cayenne, butter, and white pepper, they should take the place of soup, which should be avoided if possible.

Variety is most essential, but stews, ragouts, curries, and made dishes of all sorts are bad. Pudding, I think, is best taken by itself, say for supper.

As to milk, it is almost a cure in itself, if peptonised. What is called the common peptonising powders of the shops are now much used in hospitals. Milk treated thus is easily digested, otherwise it may lie about the system in clots for days even.

Water is necessary for life, but it is hardly be needed by day if tea is taken in the afternoon. At least a tumberful of spring water should be drank every morning while dressing, and if a squeeze from half a lemon is taken in it, so much the better.

That peevishness; how are you to get over that? It is caused by debility of brain, which will get stronger as the body gets better nourished; by want of proper sleep, and by want of fresh air.

Of course good sleep is essential; but let me tell my patients this, while they are weak such a thing is almost impossible, so they must not worry too much after it; and they should not count the value of a night's rest by the hours they have been oblivious.

One may wake in the morning hot-eyed, listless, and weary, after what seemed seven whole hours of sleep, while a sound slumber of two may, on the other hand, give energy and hope for the whole livelong day.

Sleep is not to be forced by anything swallowed except a little food.

A midnight snack is often a necessity for such patients. They have been tossing about, trying to get off till perhaps one or two, by which time they feel quite worn out.

This is just the time to have a little food, whatever the heart seems to desire, and a mouthful of milk afterwards. The strength is thereby recuperated, and calmness, followed by gentle sleep, is the result.

Often more harm than good is done by the invalid's friends in an attempt to "cheer her up," as it is called. This cheering up process is often a very fatiguing one to the invalid, though she may be too patient and polite to say so. But she will feel the fag when her friends go, and a restless night may be the consequence.

Fret, often accompanied by fear and great depression of spirits, is this kind of debility. The sort of fear I mean is perhaps better described as down-heartedness, and under its influence the sufferer will often put to herself the question: "Shall I ever get well, I wonder?" One should not put too high a value on life, remembering that there is a world beyond the grave, and a Supreme Being who knows what is best for us.

RATS AND MICE.—Recent experiments are said to have shown that squills, the root of which is much used in medicine, is not only a powerful poison for vermin, but also one they are very fond of. The way of preparing it for the desired purpose is thus described:

"One of the bulbs is cut into slices, hashed and bruised, then done in a pan with fat, which is afterwards strained through a cloth and poured into broken plates and saucers to be placed in cellars and other places infested with rats, mice, &c. To prevent dogs and poultry from eating of this poisonous compound in stables, pigeon houses, or farm-yards, it may be put into a wooden box, about eighteen inches long, and having a hole at each end. The rat gets in at one end and goes out at the other, after partaking of the noxious food, which soon kills it. Squills may also be reduced to powder for the same purpose by bruising them in a mortar to a pulp, which is afterwards incorporated with as much flour as it will hold. The paste is then rolled out, as they do for a pudding, then cut into shreds, which are left to dry on hurdles or on sheets of pasteboard, and are pounded in a mortar. The powder thus obtained will keep for years, and may be put into boxes or barrels."

To do so no more is the truest repentance.

Scientific and Useful.

COMPRESSED AIR.—Compressed air is being used as a motive power in some of the cities of France. It has started a new industry in the manufacture of plant for the purpose.

VEGETABLE FLANNEL.—Vegetable flannel is a textile material now being largely manufactured in Germany out of pine leaves. The fibre is spun, knitted and woven into undergarments and clothing of various kinds.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—In London they are utilizing the electric light in a novel way. During heavy fogs horses carry an electric light on their heads, which can be illuminated as occasion requires, the storage battery being in the wagon.

ROPES.—Experiments have proved that the tensile strength of a wet rope is only one third that of the same rope when dry; and a rope saturated with grease or soap is weaker still, as the lubricant permits the fibres to slip with greater facility.

WIRE BOOT.—A new sort of boot has been introduced in Nuremberg, consisting of a sort of trellis of spiral metal wire, the interstices being filled with gutta percha and rosin. They can be fitted with nails like ordinary soles, are 50 per cent. cheaper than leather, and vastly more durable.

TEETH. — Recent observations have shown that teeth decay in a quite regular order, the lower third molar being the first attacked, then the upper, then the lower fourth molar, and so on, the lower incisors and canine teeth being the last affected. Upper teeth as a rule, are more durable than lower, right than left, those of dark persons than those of blondes, those of short persons than those of tall.

ODD WATCH.—A curious watch has been brought out in France. The dial is transparent, but there are no works behind it, and the hands appear to move by magic. The secret lies in concealing the works at the edge of the case, and communicating the motion to the hands by means of a glass disc, which acts as a toothed wheel. The disc revolves between the front and back of the dial, which are both of glass, and hence its motion is unperceived.

Farm and Garden.

PAINT.—One gallon of red paint and five gallons of crude petroleum, well mixed, is claimed to be the cheapest paint that can be made. It is also very durable.

HOUSE-PLANTS.—The leaves of house-plants should be kept clean, and frequently sprinkled with water, or washed with a plant syringe; this not only keeps off the insects, but clears the leaves of dust and opens up the breathing pores.

THE SHEEP.—If the sheep are sheltered in a shed at night and the shed inclosed with a good fence, the saving from loss by dogs and by the protection afforded will pay the cost of the shed and fence if the flock is a moderately large one.

RIGHT MANAGEMENT.—By managing the manure so that every portion is well rotted the seeds of weeds will be destroyed during the process of decomposition. All heaps should be allowed to heat, but care must be exercised to prevent overheating by frequently turning the heap, placing the coarse portions in the centre.

STAGNANT WATER.—Stagnant water is injurious to all kinds of fruit trees or plants, and during the winter especially it is often the case that serious injury is done them by allowing water to stand around them and freeze. In many cases a little work at the right time would easily avoid this. In setting trees in the fall see that good drainage is given.

TRYING THE FARM. — Each farmer should endeavor to experiment, as each farm is of a different character from the others. The soil varies in all sections, and the direction of the hills, the manner in which the land is cultivated, the kind of crops, quality of seed, whether rolling or level, drainage, and other causes affect each farm. Experiments made in one section cannot be relied upon as giving results applicable to other sections.

LACK OF APPETITE.—Many animals refuse food and lose appetite simply for the lack of a little salt to give the food a pleasant taste. Animals will reject tasteless food as well as humans. Salt is essential to digestion, and it should be provided. There need be no fear of giving too much salt if the food is slightly seasoned with it. A small quantity of salt and water sprinkled over the hay or added to the mash will induce the animal to relish it.

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TO OUR FRIENDS.

THE POST earnestly hopes that those of its friends and readers who are kindly in the habit of getting up clubs, will try at least to double their old lists, and that such of our readers as have not heretofore sent us a club will try to do so now.

THE POST is much lower in price than any other first-class family paper in the country, and we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands to whom it may still be a stranger, save, perhaps, by reputation.

Of course we must depend in a great degree upon our present subscribers, friends and readers to show THE POST to their acquaintances and neighbors, and to speak a good word in our behalf. Their return for such efforts must be the pleasure they give to others, the consciousness of assisting in the good work of circulating THE POST, and enabling us to make it better, more useful and entertaining than ever before. Will they try and do it for us? Let each of our present friends and subscribers try to get one new subscriber at least.

Send us the names and addresses of your friends and neighbors and we will mail them sample copies immediately upon their receipt.

A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the Two Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

As to the pure all things are pure, so the common mind sees far more vulgarity in others than the mind developed in genuine refinement.

THERE is a pleasure in contemplating good; there is a greater pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure is doing good, which comprehends the rest.

Observation and Education.

Half the real education of life comes from our observations. And in making use of our powers in this respect let us keep our minds as free as possible from passions and prejudices; for these will give a wrong turn to our observations, both on persons and things.

The eyes of a man in the jaundice make yellow observations on everything; and the soul tinctured with any passion or prejudice, diffuses a false color over the real appearances of things and disguises many of the common occurrences of life.

It never beholds things in a true light nor suffers them to appear as they are.

Whensoever, therefore, you would make proper observations, let self with all its influences stand aside, as far as possible; abstract your own interest and your own concern from them, and bid all friendships and enmities stand aloof and keep out of the way in the observations that you make relating to persons and things.

If this rule were well obeyed we should be much better guarded against those common instances of misconduct in the observations of men, namely, the false judgments of pride and envy.

How ready is envy to mingle with the notices which we take of other persons! How often are mankind prone to put an ill sense upon the actions of their neighbors, to take a survey of them in an evil position and in an unhappy light!

And by this means we form a worse opinion of our neighbors than they deserve; while at the same time pride and self flattery tempt us to make unjust observations on ourselves in our own favor. In all the favorable judgments we pass concerning ourselves, we should allow a little abatement on this account.

In making your observations on persons take care of indulging that busy curiosity which is ever inquiring into private and domestic affairs, with an endless desire of learning the secret history of families. It is but seldom that such a prying curiosity attains any valuable ends.

It often begets suspicions, jealousies and disturbances in households, and is a frequent temptation to persons to defame their neighbors.

Some persons cannot help telling what they know. A busy body is most liable to become a tattler upon every occasion.

Let your observation, even of persons and their conduct, be chiefly designed in order to lead you to a better acquaintance with things, particularly with human nature; and to inform you what to imitate and what to avoid, rather than to furnish out matter for the evil passions of the mind, or the impertinencies of discourse and reproaches of the tongue.

Though it may be proper sometimes to make your observations concerning persons, as well as things, the subject of your discourse in learned or useful conversation, yet what remarks you make on particular persons, especially to their disadvantage, should, for the most part, lie hid in your own breast, till some just and apparent occasions, some necessary call of providence lead you to speak them.

If the character or conduct which you observe be greatly culpable, it should so much the less be published. You may treasure up such remarks of the follies, indecencies or vices of your neighbors as may be a constant guard against your practice of the same, without exposing his reputation on that account.

It is a good old rule that our conversation should rather be laid out on things than on persons; and this rule should generally be observed, unless names be concealed, wheresoever the faults or follies of mankind are our present theme.

Be not too hasty to erect general theories from a few particular observations, appearances or experiments. This is what the logicians call a false induction.

When general observations are drawn from so many particulars as to become certain and indubitable, these are jewels of knowledge, comprehending great treasure in a little room; but they are, therefore, to be made with the greater care and caution, lest errors become large and diffusive if we should mistake in these general notions.

A hasty determination of some universal principles, without a due survey of all the particular cases which may be included in them, is the way to lay a trap for our own understandings in their pursuit of any subject, and we shall often be taken captives into mistake and falsehood. Everything should be judged by itself, and if we follow this rule we will seldom go wrong and without improvement.

OF all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but, having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self respect, not to lose hold or to relax effort, this is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman, whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in that book which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to the vision.

THOUGH sound principles are highly important in guarding the mind against the invasion of error, we may value ourselves upon them so much as to forget that they can neither divest death of its sting, nor quiet a guilty conscience. In this case we may really be the worse for our knowledge, and more obnoxious to Divine displeasure than those who remain in a state of innocent ignorance.

FREE THINKERS are commonly but half thinkers. They begin to build before they have got to solid ground; and though, to superficial observers, the several parts of the superstructure may give the idea of a consistent whole—it may afford but poor shelter in the time of trial.

IF every curse should stick a visible blister on the tongue, as it does insensible ones on the soul, how many men's tongues would be too big for their mouths, and their mouths as an open sepulchre full of dead men's bones.

I HAVE much more confidence in the charity which begins in the home and diverges into a large humanity, than in the world-wide philanthropy which begins at the outside of our horizon to converge into egotism.

HUMILITY is a virtue that all preach, few practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

THOUGH it be not in our power to make affliction no affliction, yet it is in our power to take off the edge of it by a steady view of those divine joys prepared for us in another state.

NOTHING can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own faults.

IT is very natural and common for persons haunted by the spirit of discontent to try to escape from it by charging the cause of it upon others.

WE must row with the oars which we have, and as we cannot order the wind we are obliged to sail with, we must take the wind that comes.

SPITE is a little word, but it represents as strange a jumble of feelings and compound of discords as any polysyllable in the language.

WE appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally deprived of them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.

No exterior accomplishments can countervail the want of discretion and good dispositions, in an every day companion.

GREAT is the number of those who might attain to true wisdom, if they did not already think themselves wise.

To develop in each individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible, is the object of education.

THAT action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

The World's Happenings.

Twins, aged 90 years, are living in Wixom, Mich.

An Idaho physician advertises: "The poor never refused."

By paying $2 in spot cash you can get a divorce in 4 hours in Japan.

Christmas trees are declared to be going out of fashion in New York.

Another one of the victims of the blizzard of 1888 died lately in New York.

A shipment of rubber shoes to Austria was made a few days ago by a Rhode Island rubber company.

Blackwood's Magazine tells of a factory which makes 2,000,000 tin soldiers yearly out of sardine cans.

A wine company in California last week received an order from England for 50,000 gallons of sweet wine.

A girl out in Smith county, Kansas, won $50 by husking and cribbing 60 bushels of corn in five hours.

The newspapers at Constantinople have been forbidden to allude in any way to the revolution in Brazil.

A West Union, W. Va., man set 15 snares in his garden, and the first night caught 13 rabbits and 3 opossums.

A man named Slaton, who died in Fayette county, Ga., lately, at the age of 81, had lived in the same house for 61 years.

It is announced that the plumbing in Ogden Goelet's new house at Newport will be all silver-plated and will cost $50,000.

Four hundred thousand sacks of flour went to the United Kingdom last week from the four principal American points of shipment.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into Amharic, the language of Abyssinia. The book has now been translated into eighty-four languages.

A grocer in Wheeling, after a three days' search for his favorite pug dog, found the animal in a back room of the store, under an inverted half-bushel measure.

Samuel Tragdon, who was serving a life sentence in the Iowa Penitentiary for killing a man for cheering for Jeff Davis, has been pardoned by Governor Larrabee.

A woman in New York is showing a school of trained crocodiles and alligators. They shed real "crocodile tears," and dry them with pocket handkerchiefs.

One of the items in a bill received by the Selectmen of Eastport, Me., for the maintenance of an estrayed Eastport pauper by another town, was $10 for popcorn cakes.

An undertaker, who died in East Brandywine, this State, a few days ago, had been in the undertaking business for half a century, and in that time buried about 1300 people.

Birds were the innocent cause of a fire in England. They carried half a bushel of straw into a chimney for a nest, and the straw catching fire, the building was nearly destroyed.

A petrified apple was discovered at Harrington, Me., a few days ago, by some boys. It had changed to the color of marble. The stem and blossom were apparently as perfect as when the fruit fell from the tree.

The world's crematories number 39, located as follows: In Italy, 23; America, 10; England, Germany, France, Switzerland, Denmark and Sweden, 1 each. Since 1876 over 1100 cremations have taken place in Italy.

Here are a few definitions given by pupils of the Gardiner, Me., grammar school at a recent examination: Exile, a part of a wagon; byword, a word that has gone by; mermaid, a kind of a maid; turmoil, a kind of oil; repast, to pass by."

A colored boy in Maryland having shot himself while hunting, his dog crouched on the body and would not permit any one to go near it until a member of the boy's family reached the scene, when the faithful animal consented to leave its post.

A shower of crabs fell in San Francisco recently. The crustaceans ranged in size from that of a dime to a silver dollar, and several of them were secured by a newspaperman, who placed them at the disposal of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences.

Burglars recently broke into a house in London, but obtained little booty for their pains. A newspaper, in giving an account of the affair, spoke of much valuable property they overlooked. Acting on this hint the rascals paid a second visit and made a great haul. They left a note expressing their obligations to the newspaper reporter.

Frogs are improving with the rest of the world, and are evidently developing a capability for turning the tables on their persecutors. One of the frogs put into the snake cage at the Worcester, Mass., Natural History Museum, to be swallowed, turned swallower, and "absorbed" so much black snake that the latter died after being pulled from the jaws of the fighting frog.

A resident of Canton, Ohio, received a note from a farmer residing a few miles distant, stating that if he would send the farmer a box the latter would ship him a nice pig as a present. The Cantonian sent the box and received a fat pig, which died a few hours later of cholera. Now he finds out that the donor knew the pig had the cholera and took this method of getting rid of it to avoid the expense of burying it.

An East Providence, R. I., young man of 19, who has just obtained a divorce, in his petition set forth that at the time of his marriage he was 16 and his wife 28. Three months afterward she tried to send him to school, and "whipped him severely" when he refused to go. She also, he told the Court, made a practice of locking him up in the attic, and wouldn't let him read any book until she had first examined it. Finally she bade him go his way and she would go hers.

BEHIND THE VEIL.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Far away in the future
Vague delights I see,
Something sweet and splendid
The fond fates hold for me.

What it is I know not,
But patiently I wait,
Well knowing it is useless
To strive to hurry fate.

I peer, I peer farever,
Beyond the present's pale,
And constantly conjecture
What lies behind the veil.

"Father of Roses."

BY JOHN C. CARPENTER.

THE city of Constantinople on one day in the year 1525 appeared to empty itself by the northern gate. Through it poured forth from early morning until late at night pack-mules heavily-laden; saddle horses led by grooms; two thousand racing camels, four abreast; a multitude of armorers, purveyors, cooks, scullions, and swarthy idlers.

They spread themselves over the adjacent hills, and some sort of order presently came out of the chaos. Heralds and messengers came and went; jockeys exercised spirited Arab horses; camels which were wont to race for the amusement of the Sultan and his court now raced for the enjoyment of the lazy rabble which gathered around.

There was all the license of an unrestrained liberty, for Solyman the Magnificent, swift and to be dreaded in the field, was always slow at first to move from his beloved city on the Bosphorus.

A week—a month—two months went by before there was again a stir at the northern gate; and then, with a pomp of war seldom equalled, the army of the Sultan began its march.

At its head, surrounded by his bodyguard and by the Janissaries twelve thousand strong, rode Solyman, the most magnificent and powerful sovereign of his age.

His shining cuirass glittered with golden figures. His head was clothed in a white turban, from which floated three superb heron's plumes; in the centre was a crescent of diamonds and precious stones, whose flashing only rivalled the fiery gleam of the fierce and stern eyes beneath.

Then followed the household troops, the cavalry, the spahis, and the mercenaries in the pay of the Sultan, each with its distinctive banners of red or white, green or yellow, and with lances adorned with fluttering pennons of varied colors—above all, the Standard of the Crescent.

Gamekeepers, falconers, jugglers, dwarfs, for the sport and amusement of the court; grooms leading the Sultan's horses chosen from Arabia, Persia, Turkestan, and Caucasus, with saddles embroidered with gold, and stirrups and bits of silver, and reins of finest silk—all these passed on between the troops, and a motley array of camp followers, which brought up the rear, and the whole proud army disappeared over the hills, to be tracked only by clouds of dust on the horizon.

The army had taken the road for the Danube. Its destination was the plains of Hungary, Vienna, Western Europe. The successors of the Huns hoped to tread in the path of the Huns.

They had gone to conquer and possess Europe, those two hundred thousand warriors. Who would have dared to predict that the only one of all that host that would remain north of the Danube was Little Ibraham, the camel-driver?

Little Ibraham was a small, weasened Turk, with torn, baggy raiment, a white beard, and a thousand wrinkles. Merry always was little Ibraham, a general favorite, very devout, and passionately fond of flowers.

But he was poor, and a vagabond, and he could only wander about the rose-gardens of Constantinople on the outside of the walled inclosures where, in company with lean and inquisitive curs, he caught stolen glimpses of the red and white and golden glories so jealously guarded within. But Little Ibraham had had his romance.

In one delicious episode in his life he had been engaged as a camel-driver to go a long journey, and on the route he had crossed acres and acres of roses—the rose gardens of Garaden; toiling onward, the perfume had filled the air for miles as though sprinkled from the hands of angels; and Ibraham had thought himself on the road to Paradise.

That night even the dirty khan and the groaning camels could not keep sleep from the weary eyelids of the youthful camel-driver; and as he slept he saw a flock of sacred pigeons—companions of those birds who keep guard over the Prophet's tomb at Mecca.

Somehow, he did not know how, he joined them, himself one of them, and they flew night and day until they alighted on a lofty hill.

Its top was covered with roses of all splendid dyes, trailing up the rocks, over the low bushes, reaching out arms gorgeous with bloom to the clear air's kindly heaven, all rioting madly, the one over the other, to clamber in haste down the steep sides of the hill; which became to Ibraham's enraptured sight one magnificent, lovely, and unrivalled nosegay—the perfume from which was so heavy and sweet that he, from his perch on a cherry-tree, felt faint and dizzy. He gave a sudden flap of his wings to save himself from falling, and awoke.

He was still a camel-driver. He had grown old. Since that journey he had been beaten and abused, but the dream has never left him, and he firmly believed that the Prophet would yet reward his faithful servant with its fulfilment.

Now, as he trudged wearily along beside his lumbering camel through the thick dust, surrounded by the noises of a great army, in imagination he dwelt among his flowers, and tended and fed his sacred birds.

Lost and unnoticed in the vast crowd of men and beasts which with tiresome but resistless persistence crossed mountains and waded rivers—killing—burning—plundering, Little Ibraham still dreamed of his doves and his roses.

By one river they rested many days—a turbulent river, swift of current, swollen, angry, as if the profaning foot of the Turk had excited it to sudden ire.

Here they threw across bridges, huge logs from the mountains, resting on immense rafts. Little Ibraham heard it was the Danube, and forgot it the next moment; for in his dream he was just on the point of capturing a most beautiful flock of pigeons, which he proposed to feed on a confection of ground wheat soaked in rose-water, as became the favorites of Mohammed.

On that day the Turkish army crossed over it, encamped on a wide plain, and the land was a land of desolation. The people had fled before the invaders. The harvest was standing uncut; the rude huts were empty; the cattle were starving in their stalls.

Little Ibraham walked about and sighed, and gave his beast an extra blow or two as a relief to his feelings; for here were houses and lands actually going a begging. For whom were these things left by the unbeliever but for the servants of the True Prophet?

But the army passed on; before them was a fertile land and behind them a desert. Little Ibraham smote his bony breast and invoked Allah in tones which brought questioning and reproachful glances from the mild eyes of his dumb companion, who seemed to ask, "Is he mad? Has he taken the forbidden wine?" as his master threw up his bony arms until his scanty upper garment seemed to detach itself from his shoulders and fly away, and his turban assumed a jaunty and cockish air, little in keeping with the antiquity, and sorrowful cast of his countenance.

Suddenly, driven desperate by his secret and tormenting hopes, Little Ibraham threw down his cudgel and made off as fast as his bandy legs could carry him.

He was nearly ridden over by officers as well as grooms; he dodged under tall camels with an art that long practice had made perfect; disparaging reflections were cast upon all his ancestors by fat Turks against whose leisurely persons he bounded and rebounded.

At last he came to a row of tents finer than all the rest, encircling a canvas pavilion of striped red and blue, large enough to contain several rooms. Little Ibraham knew this was the pavilion of the Sultan.

He had arrived just in time for his purpose. Officers in uniform were standing by its door, while their horses were led up and down a little distance off.

One white Arabian with arched neck and quick full eye was pawing the ground impatiently as Solyman came forth to mount it.

The officers of the guard were in the saddle in an instant. The whole troop, with armor sparkling, chains rattling, and plumes waving, swept down towards the trembling camel-driver.

Bloodthirsty and tyrannical as Solyman was, it was his boast that he cared for and guarded the humblest believer in the true faith.

It was the knowledge of this that had emboldened Little Ibraham to the step he had taken, and now, just as the rushing cavalcade came opposite, he threw himself so nearly beneath the feet of the Sultan's white Arabian that His Highness was compelled to rein his steed up sharply.

Before Little Ibraham could arise officers of the guard had him by the shoulders, and lifting him to his feet they held him with a grip that made every bone in his meagre body—and it seemed all bones to him then—ache with pain.

Solyman had always with him his private executioner, who also at times administered the bastinado, so that the Sultan was never at a loss for amusement. He now turned to this functionary—his name was Mustapha—and pointing to the thoroughly terrified Ibraham, said:

"Forty stripes!"

However, fortunately for Ibraham, he paused there. Second thoughts come sometimes to kings and Sultans—though appearances may give little color to the fact.

The Sultan was not above making a favorable impression. He was a father to the humblest of his subjects—he had said it. Let it be so.

Here surely was the very humblest of them—and he cast a critical eye upon the dusty scarecrow held up before him. That glance determined him. He would be a father to him.

"Speak, son of a slave!" he said. "What would you with Solyman?"

Little Ibraham took heart. He would have felt bolder and more at home if he had been cursed a trifle more strongly; but on the whole he considered that he had reason to be satisfied.

He had conned over in his mind a long petition full of praises of his gracious Highness and of his father before him, and of all his male ancestors, together with a due abasement of himself and all his ancestors, by way of contrast; but he found he had forgotten it.

"Lord of the Faithful," he replied, remembering in his shaken condition only the one thing upon which his heart was set, "a rose-garden—and—and—some pigeons!"

Laughter rose from the crowd. The Sultan's dwarfs came out from the tent and danced around the bewildered camel-driver, jingling their bells and pointing at him.

The Sultan himself was amused. It did not become his dignity to laugh aloud—so he only displayed a set of white cruel teeth, gleaming through his tawny moustache, while his eyes roved and twinkled like a hawk's. He was in good humor and disposed to jest:

"We give battle to the unbeliever in a month. Prophesy us victory, oh! astute camel-driver. Thou shalt have the finest rose-garden in Hungary."

The jeers of the people had left poor Ibraham dumb. The thought of the dreaded Sultan when at a distance among his camels, and his actual presence, were different things. All his confidence was shaken out of him like water from a wrung rag.

The Sultan, however, did not wait for the reply which he possibly would never have received; as if he had wasted too much time already, he put spurs to his horse and departed with his retinue, while Little Ibraham, sadder and more sober than ever, returned to his camel-driving, and no one thought of him any more—being engaged in exclaiming how condescending, how good, how fatherly, and how witty was the Sultan Solyman, when even a camel-driver, the very dust of the earth, could approach him without being bastinadoed!

The result of it all was, however, that Little Ibraham, in his ragged clothes, again stood before the Sultan, who was in his pavilion giving audience on his throne of gold, covered with scarlet cloth.

This time the guards felt certain that nothing could save the audacious camel-driver from the forty stripes. Brawny Mustapha even got out his bastinado sticks, which were carefully oiled and wrapped in leather to keep them limber, and examined them.

He was not more cruel than his fellows. But then in his line he was an artist, honored of his sovereign. He knew that he deserved the distinction.

When his blows hit now the tender toes, now the ball of the foot, now the still tenderer instep, and the victim howled and moaned, Mustapha was proud of his profession.

It was true Little Ibraham was a bad subject for skilful treatment. The ones who did most honor to his art were those whose velvety soles had only trodden the soft floors of the palace or the seraglio. But the more difficulty, the more skill needed!

Little Ibraham prostrated himself before the throne. To Mustapha, his heels, as he turned them up, looked discouragingly hard and horny.

The Sultan made a sign. The two black slaves stepped forward and touched Little Ibraham. He rose. The Sultan made another sign, this time to the Vizier, who responded:

"He has had a dream, your Highness, and, please your Highness to be merciful, it is about the approaching battle. He says your Highness told him——"

"So I did! so I did!" hastily interrupted the impatient Sultan. "But we can't be always bothered by the dreams of the camel-drivers. Is he a Vizier, is he a Bashaw, that he should have dreams of the affairs of his sovereign? Issue a decree at once that only the Sultan and his Bashaws shall have dreams! We must stop this thing. But let the camel-driver be heard."

For the Sultan's curiosity got the better of his anger. Besides, he was really anxious about the battle. King Louis of Hungary, with the mightiest host he had yet encountered, was in his front, encamped near Mohacs.

"Father of the Faithful," began Ibraham. "I saw the gates of Buda and the sentinels posted. It was twilight. There came out of the gloom, as I looked, a strange dwarfish creature, half-man, half-demon. He called in a loud voice upon King Louis bidding him come forth, for he had something to say to him which brooked no delay. But the sentinels took no heed of him. Then he cried again, and thrice, so loud that the courier of the king came and peered over the rampart, and asked in an angry voice:

"'Who calls upon the King?'

"The elfish creature only called the fourth time—

"'Bid the King himself come forth.'

"Then they laughed him to scorn, and the King, for sport, when he heard of this strange creature and his absurd demand, sent out his jesters and his lowest servants with orders to take him and bring him to the castle, so that he might see the person who dared to issue commands to his king.

"The dwarf, when he saw them, cried in a shrill voice:

"'Go back to your proud King, and tell him I would have saved him for the sake of a Christian land; but now I depart—leaving this prophecy behind me—'Before the month is passed Solyman will triumph, and King Louis will exchange his armor for a shroud which will suffice to contain an army.'"

"So crying, he vanished into the darkness out of which he appeared to have been formed; and although they searched the place for hours thereafter, they found no trace of him."

The Sultan pondered. He had the Oriental faith in dreams.

"Keep this man safe," he said at last. "By Mohammed, he may possess the art of dreams. Spread it abroad in the army. After the battle we will see the man again. If his dream is false Mustapha can do what he pleases with him; if true, he has only to ask, and we will give him what he demands."

The camel driver was carried from the presence of the Sultan, and seemed farther from his rose garden and his sacred pigeons than before—not to speak of having his life in jeopardy.

Within ten days occurred the battle of Mohacs, in which the Turks were victorious. For two days the turbulent Danube rolled down the corpses of men and horses drowned in their flight from the battle field.

An even worse fate, were that possible, befell King Louis, the Archbishop of Buda, and many knights and officers, followers of the king.

Encumbered by heavy armor, they sank in the stagnant marshes which for miles here bordered the Danube, and their bodies were never recovered.

As Solyman the Magnificent, victorious and proud, sat in his tent he thought upon the battle, and of King Louis and his escape.

Four thousand heads of the slain were piled up outside, according to the custom of those days—a diversion of sovereigns which has fortunately died out.

Our humanity and civilization allowed us, it is true, to still kill one another; but the great step that separates us from that distant barbarism is—that we do not cut off the heads of our slain after they are killed.

The Sultan wanted very much the head

of King Louis to crown his hecatomb. The pile without it had an incompleteness which offended his finer artistic sense. But King Louis and a portion of his army were securely buried beyond his finding; and as the Sultan mused on his obscure fate, the dream of Little Ibraham protruded itself persistently among his meditations. King Louis "was buried in a shroud which would suffice for an army."

"By Allah!" exclaimed Soiyman aloud, "the camel-driver has the gift of dreams. Bring him hither."

Little Ibraham was brought before him. He dared not lift his eyes. Already his poor feet tingled. He had heard nothing to justify his safety, and his two lucky escapes left him no hope that for the third time he would be equally fortunate.

He could not believe his ears when he was told that the Sultan designed to honor him with the gift of the finest rose-garden in Hungary, and that the Sultan's gardener in Constantinople had orders to supply him with his most superb flowers.

Ibraham soon found a spot on a hill near Buda which fulfilled his early dream. On it was a small stone-house with some out buildings for his pigeons.

Roses already ran wild over the wall and spread in tangled masses down the hillside; roses clambered in at the windows and crawled over the door-sills; roses, roses everywhere in such profusion of wasted beauty that Ibraham fairly danced with delight.

Among them he worked and trimmed until he got them in some sort of order. He planted the Sultan's roses, made dovecotes for his pigeons, and every day in the open air in his garden of blushing roses he knelt on his little square of carpet, and said his prayer of thankfulness to Allah.

After awhile he became so absorbed in his work that he never left his garden. The people around came to regard him as a holy man. They brought him food; and far and near he was known as Gul Baba, "Father of Roses."

As his garden grew in beauty, his flock of pigeons increased in numbers. At first two birds of splendid plumage, like those who watched by the Prophet's tomb at Mecca, came and settled in the dove-cotes. He found them there one morning when he awoke.

They were so friendly, billing and cooing flying to his hand, perching on his shoulder, circling playfully around his head, that he firmly believed them sent by Mohammed himself.

To do them honor he distilled his finest roses and anointed their feathers, until they seemed to be birds from the Holy Gardens of Arabia, which are so heavy with perfume that the feathered inhabitants of the air carry it away upon their wings in flying over them.

When Little Ibraham let his pigeons go they flew swiftly away and were gone until sundown, when they returned bringing others with them.

Gul Baba shrewdly "put two and two together." He caught them all, carefully perfumed them with distilled rose water and his choicest attar.

These brought home still another and a larger flock, and soon he had more birds in his dove cote than he had ever in his wildest dreams, as he plodded along by his camel, imagined himself possessed of.

The people wondered at the sweet odors which scented the air wherever his sacred birds were seen, and regarded Gul Baba more and more as a saint especially lovely and worthy of reverence.

Even caravans in the desert as they wound their lonely way over the hot sands, or encamped beside some watered oasis with all their camels, knelt and prayed, as the birds of Gul Baba flew over them, shedding sweet and mysterious perfumes down from their fanning wings.

When, in after years, the Turks were repulsed from Vienna, the "Father of Roses" still undisturbed tended his flowers and his birds; and as the Moslem host sullenly retreated he was left alone among an alien and plundered people, the only Turk beyond the Danube.

And there he remained, died and was buried; for the Hungarians returning to their homes found, in the midst of the barrenness and desolation wrought by war, one spot beautiful and peaceful; sacred to prayer and the love of birds and flowers, and they too soon learned to call the gentle, devout Turk, its owner, Gul Baba, the "Father of Roses."

After his death, his flock of pigeons flew around uncertainly for a little while, and then, led by the descendants of those which first came, darted swiftly off in the direction of Mecca.

The people of Buda, in Hungary, still show a stranger the tomb of Gul Baba on Mt St. Joseph near that city; and they tell him gravely that when each spring brings the season of bloom, a flock of sacred pigeons appear overhead flying from Mecca, and strews with his loved flowers the resting-place of the "Father of Roses."

THE universal Yankee genius has turned his attention to pancakes, and a man in Utica, N. Y., has brought out a machine for producing the toothsome buckwheats that lightens the labor of the cook and makes breakfast-getting a joy and pleasure. The batter is poured into a hopper of the machine, which is placed on a table. When the time for cakes arrives the machine, which runs by a clock-work spring, is started. The batter passes between two highly polished iron rollers, heated very hot by a spirit lamp, and the cake comes out in a nicely browned continuous roll, from which sections are cut to suit the area of the breakfast plates.

Black and Silver.

BY A. L. E.

"OF all the days in the week," said Trissa Dundas, delefully, "the one that I like least is Monday. What possesses mamma to fix upon it for mending day I cannot imagine."

"It's got to be done, missie," said Peggy, the old servant, as she put on the table the second instalment of small garments and children's hose that required taping and repairing. "With such a lot of little 'uns to make and mend for, your ma would never get through it all single-handed. You can't, for sure, grudge helping her!"

"I'll stick all my darning-needles into you if you dare hint at such a thing, you malevolent old Peg!" cried Trissa, menacing her with them. "I'd do mamma's share, as well as my own, if I could; but I must have the privilege of grumbling a little sometimes. It is such a glorious morning! My three cousins have just sailed by with their baskets. They are off to Hurley Wood to pick the first primroses, I know, and I am tied down to my work box for the next three hours. Why do those dreadful children wear their things out so fast?"

"Eh, well, you'll not be dull," said Peggy, who had stopped to rub a spot off one of the windows; "for here comes Miss Sarah in her donkey-chay, and she'll tell you all the news of the parish. Bless her! she have got a wonderful memory, to mind!" (recollect) "it as well as she do, and not so much on to it besides."

"Don't be disrespectful!" admonished Trissa, with a twinkle in her own eye. "Aunt Sarah's a dear old soul. I don't know what we should do without her."

Trissa spoke truly, for unlike spinster aunts in general Miss Dundas, as she preferred to be called, Mrs. Lovett was always cheerful and good-humored, and very fond of her relatives.

Not that she acted the part of a benefi-cent old fairy to them. She was rich, a respected lover having bequeathed to her a handsome sum of money amassed in India; whereas both her sisters were in straitened circumstances, the one having married an attorney in a country town, where litigious people were too few to enable him to obtain a good practise, while the other had been early left a widow with three daughters to educate and provide for out of a small annuity.

Mrs. Gilham, the widow, thought that Aunt Sarah might relieve her of Anna, or Jean, or Carla; while Trissa's mother would have been thankful for a little assistance in paying the school bills of her boys; and in two or three occasions Miss Lovett had been almost incited to help both; but she had a gr at objection to putting herself out of the way.

She loved her own comfort more and more as she grew older and more corpulent; and though she had occasional fits of generosity, she spent the larger part of her income on herself, living peacefully in a cottage at just sufficient distance from the town and her relations to admit of her visiting them, or being visited, according to her humor.

"Dear, dear, dear me!" she wheezed.

Miss Sarah Lovett was not a disciple of Banting.

"I do believe these stairs get narrower and steeper every time I come to see you! Bless you, bless you, Mary Anne!" here she kissed Mrs. Dundas, who had come down from the nursery to greet her, "what makes you look so pale and careworn? As I was just saying to sister Susan, it is so wrong to take life hard, and look on the worst side of things! I make a point of never doing it myself."

"You haven't any troubles, Aunt Sarah," said Trissa, coming to her mother's side, and putting up her face to be kissed.

"Bless you, bless you, my love! though you are a naughty child to tell untruths! If you knew how my servants worry me, and what shocking bad meat Ribs, the butcher, sends me! But do let me sit down. I think my heart must be affected, or else I have been doing too much lately."

"Have you heard the news?" asked Trissa. "Do you know that the Lavingtons are going to live at Monksholme again?"

Aunt Sarah forgot her ailments and sat upright.

"Heard the news! Have I not? Lady Laura is here; she called on me yesterday. Mr. Walter has arrived in England, and she means to welcome him with all sorts of rejoicings—a dinner and a ball. I am to be one of the guests at the first, and she tells me all the young people in the neighborhood are to figure at the dance. I suppose I must have a new velvet dress; shall it be purple or prune? Of course you and Mr. Dundas are invited, eh, Marianne? What shall you wear?"

"My old black silk, I have nothing else," replied Mrs. Dundas, quietly.

"My dear, you would look ladylike in a sack," responded Aunt Sarah, with enthusiasm. "At the same time you could have anything of mine if it fitted you."

"But as none of your dresses will fit me I must be content with my own, and try whether a little lace will not make it presentable."

Miss Lovett smiled benevolently.

"Nothing looks nicer than black silk and good lace, nor more becoming to your graceful little figure, for you are still graceful, Marianne. And now about Trissa? Her cousins are going to wear pink tarlatane."

"With their red—I mean auburn hair!" exclaimed her more tasteful niece. "Oh, no, Aunt Sarah! Persuade them to have white instead."

"But your aunt has bought the material. I happen to know this because she wanted to borrow a sovereign of me, and was rather put out when I could only spare three dollars. You see I run no bills, and with so many burglars about it's dangerous to keep much cash in the house. By the way, Marianne, Tapeley's muslins are very cheap if you should want one for Trissa."

Mrs. Dundas glanced sorrowfully at her daughter, who let a tear drop on the pinafore she was mending.

"Trissa will have to stay at home. She knows that I cannot ask her father to buy her a ball-dress just as he has been at the expense of articling Archie to Mr. Sanby, the architect."

"Dear, dear me, what a thousand pities! Poor child, I wish one or other of my dresses would do for her."

In the midst of her mortification, Trissa laughed.

"I am very glad they will not, Aunt Sarah.

"Are you?" and Miss Lovett glanced complacently at her plump self in the chimney glass. "I'm fortunate that you are such a contented little soul, for as Carla Gilham was saying this morning, you are such a mite, with your dark skin and black eyes, that you would be certain to be overlooked in a crowded ball room."

"But I should have gone to see, not to be seen," responded Trissa, who was accustomed to hear herself disparaged. "What a pretty sight it will be! Archie, who went up to Monksholme yesterday with some plans Mr. Sanby had to send to Lady Laura, says there are men from London at work already, putting up chandeliers in the ball-room, and draping it with crimson and gold, the Lavington colors."

"And everyone will be there but you!" ejaculated Aunt Sarah. "Dear me, it is hard upon the child, Marianne. I suppose you could manage the slippers and gloves if she had the frock—because——"

Trissa clasped her hands together and listened breathlessly.

"Because in one of those chests of Indian goods poor Luke's executors sent me after his death, I remember that there is a quantity of China crape. Twice I have intended to have it made up for myself, but something has happened to prevent it. Now, I shouldn't mind lending it to Trissa."

"Lending it, Sarah!" echoed Mrs. Dundas. "If it were made up for her you could not use it."

"True; I forgot that. Well, then, I'll give it to you, Trissa darling. Kiss me for it, and—and you need not mention it to your aunt and cousins. They might be a little jealous—I am afraid they have a tendency that way—and we ought not to stir up evil passions."

When Aunt Sarah had gone, Trissa executed a little dance of delight, and Mrs. Dundas was almost as equally pleased.

His brave little elder daughter of hers had been called upon to make so many sacrifices that her mother's heart had ached for her when Mr. Dundas bluntly said he could not afford ball-dresses, and she blessed her sister for coming to her aid.

It was no use attempting to secure the services of a dressmaker; the only really good one in the town was overwhelmed with work, and Mrs. Gilham had been obliged to entrust the pink tarlatane to a lynx.

So Trissa and her mother invested in a "Young Ladies' Journal," and spent the afternoon in cutting and fitting linings, and deciding which style they would copy, when the China crape arrived.

By arrangement with Miss Lovett, who chose to invest her gift with a great deal of secrecy, the parcel was to be fetched in the evening by Peggy, who came in with it just as the little ones had gone to bed, and Trissa and her mother were free to examine and plan, and perhaps commence running the breadths of the skirt.

"Oh! stop and see my beautiful gown, Peggy!" cried the delighted recipient of the parcel, as it was handed to her. "It is sure to be lovely; China crape always is, and falls in such deliciously soft folds. But what is this?" for a smaller parcel fell out of the larger one.

"A crimson scarf as Miss Sarah have loaned you to wear over your shoulders."

"How good of her! Lend me your scissors, mamma, to cut the string. Now behold!"

Off fell the last wrappings of paper, and Trissa retreated from the table with a shriek, for the crape—of excellent texture—was in color a hideous grass-green!

Everyone sympathized with Trissa in her disappointment, and Peggy did the kindest thing she could when she bundled up the roll of material and whisked it out of sight.

"Is it quite impossible for you to wear the stuff?" asked Archie Dundas, who was present.

His sister burst into an angry laugh.

"Would you like to see me with my brown skin and black hair figuring at Monksholme in a gown that would make me the butt of all beholders?"

"Well," said the lad, philosophically, "if there's no help for it, what's the use of fretting?"

But Trissa's tears only fell faster till her mother said, anxiously:

"My love, you will make yourself ill, and then what shall I do?"

"Let me cry a little more," sobbed the girl, "and then I will wipe my eyes and try to get my trouble. Dear mother, it is a shame to worry you," and Mrs. Dundas was fondly kissed, "but I am dreadfully disappointed, it's no use denying it!"

Mrs. Dundas was very tender with Trissa after this, and so was Archie; he was apt to tease his sister himself, but he did not like to see her look sad; and though he inveighed against the folly of girls dressing themselves up to jig about a room till they were hot—and tired, he paid a good many visits to Peggy in the kitchen to rail—or so his mother fancied—against the stupidity and selfishness of Aunt Sarah.

But after being closeted with the old servant for a long time one evening, he burst into the parlor with a loud hurrah.

"Three cheers for old Peg! She's a brick!—she's a woman of genius! She's dyed the crape, and it's grass green no longer!"

But alas! it was black, and Trissa, whose hopes had been raised for a moment, glanced ruefully at the long length of sombre material the old servant was proudly displaying.

"It's very good—very kind of you, Peggy," she faltered, "but Archie—mamma—I could not go in that, could I?"

"Couldn't she dance as well in a black frock as in a white one, eh, mamma?" queried Archie.

"Stop a minute—let me think," said Mrs. Dundas. "It is to be a fancy ball; if we had some silver stars——"

Archie clapped his hands.

Amongst his boyish hoards there was a coil of silver wire, and he was a very ingenious fellow, who had not studied for nought the beautiful filigree ornaments displayed in one of the cases at the Kensington Museum.

"Then it's just possible!" murmured Trissa, gleaning hope from her mother's smiles and Archie's exclamations. "What a lucky girl I am to have friends who will take so much trouble to oblige me!"

"Lor' love 'ee!" responded Peggy, "you're better deserving it than half them that never knows what it is to want for nothing! I'll contrive to mind the little 'un's to-morrow, and give 'ee plenty o' time for stitching."

Somehow—perhaps it was through Aunt Sarah's admissions—the story of her gift and its color became known to Mrs. Gilham and her daughters.

They were tall, large, self-confident women, who, from their superior height, looked down on little Trissa, as they called her, and treated her as a child.

The grass green crape was a rich joke, and every time they chanced to see her she was tormented with some jibing question—was she going to make it into summer bonnets for her little sisters, or trim it with pink and yellow for the next May-day; or lay it aside till the fashions changed, and grass-green became the prevailing tint?

Never a word said Trissa in return. Had Jean or Anna evinced any sympathy with her, or Carla—who happened to have a quantity of book-muslin in her possession—kindly helped her out of her difficulty, she would have been immensely grateful; but they thought solely of themselves.

Aunt Sarah was cajoled into letting the Gilhams share the fly she hired to convey her to Monksholme on the night of the ball, and in a state of fussy importance they set forth, to astonish their neighbors with their enormous bouquets, their bright pink costumes, their highly-frizzed auburn coiffures, and the stock of old-fashioned, ill-chosen jewelry they had, with much persuasion, induced Aunt Sarah to lend them.

They were late, for the fly had been engaged several parties deep; and even such important persons as Mrs. Lovett had to wait their turn.

When they did enter the ball-room, one of the first persons they saw was Trissa, with silver stars in her dusky hair and glistening in her floating skirts; her expressive, if not actually beautiful, face, was radiant with enjoyment; and her waist encircled by the arm of the hero of the night, Lady Laura Lavington's only son, Walter, master of Monksholme.

"Did you get many dances?" asked Archie of his sister the next morning.

"I only sat out one, and that was with Mr. Lavington. He was so very kind to me, and found me partners whenever he did not dance with me himself."

"Ah! you may thank me for that," said the lad, wisely.

"Archie!" cried Mrs. Dundas, as much surprised as her blushing daughter.

"Well, mamma, this is how it was; I've had to go to Monksholme three or four times this week; and while I waited for Lady Laura's answers to Mr. Sanby's letters Mr. Lavington—he's awfully jolly!—came and chatted with me. He used to know my father, and inquired after him, and—and somehow we got talking of Trissa, and I told him how she always gets snubbed and set aside, and about the green cape, and—but why do you look at me like that? It wasn't wrong. Mr. Lavington said I ought to be proud of such a dear little sister, and that he should like to know her."

Archie bore with great meekness the lecture his mother thought it right to administer, but he chuckled loudly when, a few weeks afterwards, Mr. Lavington offered to Mr. Dundas the stewardship of his large estates in the North of England.

The offer was thankfully received, no one being more pleased to leave the neighborhood than Trissa, who had undergone a regular persecution from her cousins ever since the night of the ball.

She must have been crafty and fast, they averred, to win so much attention, while they received scarcely any, and even Aunt Sarah shook her head at the culprit, and protested that she would not have given her all those yards of the best China crape

had she known that a niece of hers would so disgrace herself.

But the Gilhams are silenced now, and Aunt Sarah is veering round, for there is an announcement in the local paper that Walter Lavington is going to marry his highly respected agent's daughter, and gentle, sensible Lady Laura has confirmed it.

Two Pairs.

BY J. L. C.

MAMIE ESDAILE and her father's guest, Captain Hemsley, were dawdling away the half-hour before dressing for dinner beside the glowing fire that burned on the wide hearth in the entrance-hall.

They had been riding together that afternoon, braving muddy roads and gloomy skies, and now declared themselves too dirty and dishevelled to join their friends at afternoon-tea in the drawing room.

Besides, letters for Mamie had come by the second post, and she could never enjoy her correspondence with a buzz of talk around her.

Not that the presence of Wyatt Hemsley seemed to inconvenience her at all, but then words had been spoken during that afternoon's ride which had made their interests, like their hearts, one.

"An invitation for Lady Carby's ball—shall we accept it—Wyatt?"

Captain Hemsley, after a hasty glance around to assure himself that they were alone, snatched a kiss from the lips that breathed his name so prettily.

"If you will promise to keep all your waltzes for me."

Mamie called him a greedy boy, but gave the required pledge, and opened an other envelope.

To this she gave a petlish tap as soon as she ad mastered its contents.

"Was there ever anything so provoking! Sibyl Hardress was to have come to us tomorrow, and now she writes to excuse herself. As she was well aware I should not be satisfied without knowing why, she adds her reason. She is so sick of being pointed out as a great heiress and besieged with the attentions of men she despises that she intends to go to Girton and devote herself to study. There's a Miss Misanthrope for you! Young, pretty, and rich, and tired of admiration at four and-twenty!"

"Humph! this is odd!" exclaimed her lover. "Your friend writes precisely the same strain as Gerald Lowther did this morning. I wanted you to know him, and despatched your father's kind invitation urging him to accept it. But he says—let me see, what does he say? Ah! here is his letter. 'Pray excuse me, dear Wyatt; I am not up to the gay life of a country house, and feel safer and happier among my books.'"

"Please interpret," said Mamie. "Of what is the unfortunate man afraid?"

"Of women's eyes, my precious!" was the laughing reply. "When he and I were at Edinburgh last year I happen to know that poor Gerald encountered your fair and learned friend. They were becoming quite intimate when someone whispered in his ear that she was an heiress, and perhaps the same kind friend warned her that poor scholars do sometimes marry for money. At any rate, the lady looked coldly on her admirer, and he took the alarm and went back to Cambridge directly."

"But Mr. Lowther is not——"

"A money-hunter? My dearest Mamie, he is one of the proudest, the most honorable of men!"

"And Sibyl is a dear girl in spite of her learning. How I wish we could have brought them together and made them as happy as we are!"

"Is it impossible?" queried Wyatt.

"N—n—o!" replied Mamie, after a little consideration. "With your assistance I think it could be done."

"You shall have my help as far as the carrying out of your schemes, but don't ask me to invent or suggest. Beyond military tactics I am a duffer at finessing."

"Perhaps that is why I love—I mean, why I feel a sort of a friendly liking for you," responded the young lady, demurely. "No, sir, you are not to kiss me again. If grandmamma were to come this way she would be horrified. Bring me that writing-case and we will commence operations at once. I shall write to Sibyl and you must pen a few lines to Mr. Lowther."

"What am I to say?" asked the captain, when both were seated with the ink stand between them.

"Simply that you have just proposed and been accepted—that the young lady is staying here, and you cannot be content till your dear old friend has seen her and approved your choice. Take no excuses—say you shall meet every train, and so on. Be quick, that our letters may go out this evening. Of course I shall write to Sib in a similar strain."

"Yes? But I don't see the drift of your arrangement. I had already intended to tell Lowther what a happy fellow your sweet confession has made me."

"But you must not mention names," and Mamie held up a warning finger. "You are to leave him in doubt whether it is Sibyl Hardress who is or is not your *fiancee*."

"Hum—well—I have no objection to mystifying him a little. But now about Miss Hardress? What are you going to say to her?"

"I shall hint and insinuate that Mr. Lowther's talents have been too much for my susceptibility."

Still Captain Hemsley looked perplexed.

"And so, by rousing their jealousy as well as their curiosity, you think you shall secure their coming to Esdaile Abbey? But then, they will no sooner see you and I together than they will understand the true state of affairs."

"They shall not be allowed to see us together," interposed Mamie: "Sibyl must be the object of your devotion, while I—"

"While you walk, ride, and chat with Gerald Lowther! I could not stand that, Mamie—I couldn't, really."

Miss Esdaile gave him a reproachful look.

"Have you so little faith in me? Cannot you make a small sacrifice to secure your friend's happiness?"

"*Small* do you call it? If you loved as fondly as I do, you would know that it would exasperate me to madness to see you smiling on another as you have smiled on me, letting him hang over your chair, or absorb you in confidential chat. Lowther can be very fascinating when he likes."

"But he is not Wyatt Hemsley. Oh! it is cruel of you to doubt me!"

As Mamie showed signs of becoming tearful, her lover apologized, and pledged himself to do just as she pleased.

"I will imitate you precisely," he added, a little maliciously. "When Lowther squeezes *your* hand, I will press Miss Hardress's taper fingers, and gaze in her eyes."

"Indeed, sir, you'll do no such thing! Do you want to make me hate her? This is going beyond your instructions with a vengeance!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" croaked grandmamma Esdaile's pet parrot. "How very absurd we are!"

For once Poll's observation was so well-timed, that the lovers laughed, and were reconciled. The letters were written and despatched, electing on the following day telegrams from both recipients.

"Will be with you to-night," Mr. Lowther wired. "You shall see me to-morrow," was Miss Hardress's message, and the delighted conspirators kept the secret of their engagement from everyone but Mamie's father, lest it should interfere with the success of their plot.

The Esdailes had gone to dine with some old friends when Gerald Lowther arrived at the abbey, but Captain Hemsley was there to welcome him; and they spent a very pleasant evening in the library, sometimes talking, sometimes examining the rare old books and manuscripts with which its oaken cases had been filled by a former squire.

"But you have not told me anything respecting your betrothed," said Gerald, presently.

"You shall see her to-morrow. I think you have met before," replied the young officer.

"Is she the daughter or niece of Mr. Esdaile?"

"What made you think that?" queried Captain Hemsley, evasively. "Mamie Esdaile is a dear little girl, but she has not the brilliant mind of Sibyl Hardress."

Mr. Lowther started, stammered something unintelligible, then thrust his hands into his pockets, and fell into a brown study.

What strange contrarieties in human nature he was continually encountering! Who could imagine his gay, scatter-brained, military friend worshipping at the shrine of a modern Minerva!

Mamie drove her ponies to the station to meet Miss Hardress.

"I hope," said the latter, "you haven't a house full of people."

"Dear me, no. Just our own family, grandmamma, one of my uncles, who is helping papa make his plans for draining those marsh lands by the river; Mr. Gerald Lowther—you have heard of him?—and his fidus Achates, Captain Hemsley. Don't fall in love with young Hemsley, Sib, because a little bird has whispered to me that he is engaged."

Miss Hardress curled her finely-chiselled lip.

"Those military men are generally sad flirts, but the warning was not needed. I shall never marry, but devote my time and my money to good purposes."

"How angelic of you! For my own part I am more unselfish. Instead of making myself a name as a great female philanthropist, I shall be content to be the mistress of some happy household, with a dear good husband loving and praising me as the best of wives."

"Yours is a very sweet and womanly ambition," said Sibyl, with a sigh; "but you might have ascribed to me better motives for my plans."

"Dear Sib, it is not wise to plan at all. Let both of us be content for a wiser Hand to rule our destinies."

"But how grave we are" Mamie added the next moment. "Here comes papa to meet us, and the gentlemen are with him. I do so hope you will like Mr. Lowther! For my sake, you know."

Both Sibyl Hardress and Gerald Lowther assured themselves that they were very pleased to renew the acquaintance under circumstances that enabled them to be on the best of terms without any danger of misunderstanding, and once again they glided into intimacy; they read the same books, discussed favorite topics, and held long arguments with an increasing respect for each other's mental powers

It was only when Gerald was smoking his last cigar, or Sibyl was brushing her tresses at night, that he would marvel how she could bestow such a heart as hers on a thoughtless boy who took no interest in her pursuits, and one would feel vexed with Mamie for her frivolity. Why did she not fix herself to be the companion of the clever man who had chosen her for his wife?

"I am afraid we are in a mess and don't know the way out," Wyatt Hemsley confided to his betrothed one morning when they had stolen away to the conservatory, while Gerald and Sibyl bent their heads together over a pamphlet on the Semitic stone. "They are the best of friends, but no sooner give either of them a hint of our scheming than they will fly apart and no earthly power will bring them together again."

"Cannot we trust to circumstances?"

"You see," objected Mamie's lover, "I am awfully tired of playing at hide and seek. I want all the world to know that you are mine and I am thine."

"We must not do anything rashly," Mamie decided. "I am going down to the village after luncheon. If you like to go too and carry my charity basket, we can have a nice quiet talk, and perhaps hit upon some plan for bringing matters to a climax."

But this was done for them during their absence. Grandmamma Esdaile, though too deaf to hear a word without her trumpet, still retained the keenest of eyesight. She had seen the lovegliances exchanged between her pet Mamie and Captain Hemsley; she had watched and approved their growing affection, and was first dismayed, then furiously angry, when she saw the gallant captain's place by Mamie's side usurped by the pale, reserved scholar, whom she looked upon as the silliest of men.

Something must be done to rescue Mamie from the spells cast upon her by this second Mephistopheles, and grandmamma looked around her for a more useful *confidante* than Mamie's easy-tempered, indolent mother.

At last her choice fell upon Sibyl Hardress, to whom she drew such a moving picture of the happy understanding that reigned between Mamie and Captain Hemsley, before that wicked Mr. Lowther came to the abbey, that when the agitated Sibyl made her escape she flew to the library, to ponder over what she had heard.

Here, however, her tears and her trouble were witnessed by the scholar, who made his presence known by hurrying to her side.

"Dear Miss Hardress, something or someone has grieved you. Can I be of any assistance?"

"Yes," she answered, frankly; "you can tell me how you, so wise beyond other men, can reconcile it to your conscience to wrong your friend, and win away from him the affection of the innocent girl who loved him till you came between them."

"This is a strange charge! Who is my accuser? That I have loved you, Miss Hardress, with all my heart and soul, I will not deny."

"I am not speaking of myself," cried Sibyl, crimsoning with shame; "but of Mamie and Captain Hemsley. They were on the point of an engagement when you——"

"Impossible!" cried Gerald Lowther. "I only arrived here a few hours before you, and Hemsley told me—at least he hinted—that you were the lady of his choice. As for Miss Esdaile, it is true that I have held several conversations with her, but the subject has always been you."

"Then grandmamma had made a ridiculous mistake, and—what must you think of me?" cried poor Sibyl, hiding her face in her hands. "I will go away to-morrow, and never again will I be induced to meddle in the love-affairs of others."

"And I will go away too, lest I grow envious of happiness it is not my lot to share."

He kissed Sibyl's hand, relinquished it with a sigh, and she took a couple of steps toward the door; then came back, having made a desperate resolution.

"Mr. Lowther, why did you leave Edinburgh so suddenly?"

"Because some vile slanderer hinted that my fortune was my only attraction in your eyes."

"Go, then, and found a college with it. When you have done that, I shall be free to say, Sibyl, I love you for yourself."

"Ah, say it now!" and she threw herself into his arms.

When Mamie and her captain returned from the village and sought their friends in the library, there was a little laughing and crying on the part of the young ladies, and the heartiest of handshakings on the part of the gentlemen. Then grandmamma was fetched, and first bewildered, then delighted, with the tidings that her congratulations were being asked for by two pairs of lovers instead of one.

SOME of the finest kid and satin shoes for ladies sold in New York are made by Allioncine, a French shoemaker. He was asked how he cleaned the delicate white goods he was showing to the writer. "With benzine and bread crumbs," was the reply. "There is nothing that will do it so nicely, but care must be taken in doing this. A woolen rag is the best for the purpose. It is dipped in benzine and then allowed to become almost dry. When it is simply damp it is just right. With the aid of bread crumbs you can now take off almost any stain or dirt on these shoes, except, of course, ink marks."

A FEW weeks since a young man was brought up before one of the police magistrates, charged with disorderly conduct; the case, however, soon assumed a much more serious aspect, it transpiring during the examination of a witness, that for several weeks past the prisoner had been living upon his parents.

MANKIND loves mystery—a hole in the ground excites more wonder than a star in the heavens.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The unpopularity of marriage continues unabated in England, and last year was the first in recent times in which, while the price of wheat fell, the marriage rate remained stationary. It is now 14.2 per thousand. The decline in the popularity of matrimony is greatest with those who have already had some experience of wedded life. Between 1876 and 1886 the marriage rate fell 12 per cent. for bachelors and spinsters, 27 per cent for widowers, 31 per cent. for widows. The drop in the remarriage of widows, however, is probably due to the glutting of the marriage market with surplus spinsters.

To accommodate those lovable, benevolent people who must have the windows raised when they travel on the cars, a correspondent makes the suggestion in a Pittsburg contemporary: Let there be a compartment made in every car, or at least in one car on every train, for the lovers of fresh air and their own comfort at any cost to their neighbors. Let this compartment in winter be completely open to the wind, cinders and miscellaneous weather. In summer it might attract another tribe of selfish cranks if the compartment were hermetically sealed.

A significant note of the world's progress is furnished by the fact that the Superintendent of the Census finds it necessary to have a special investigation made of the electrical industry. The advance in this line in the last decade has been truly marvelous. Ten years ago the telephone and electric light were just coming into use, and the phonograph was only a plaything. Electric motors, too, have practically been evolved to this period, and the multitude of uses to which this agent bids fair to be applied suggests unlimited possibilities in the future, provided there are Edisons to seize upon them.

Mr. Thomas Adams, jr., of New York, whose fortune was made in chewing gum, has no sympathy with Thomas cats. On the top of the back fence that separates the yard of his Brooklyn mansion from that of his neighbors, he has had an electric wire strung. At one point there is a break in the wire, three inches long. The cat walks along the top of the fence on the wire and as he steps across this break and puts one foot trustfully down on the wire again it completes the circuit. One scorches and a dead cat falls over the garden wall. The measure is an extreme one, but Mr. Adams has sworn that "there shall be no cat carnivals on his back fence, by gum."

The influence of the English ladies who went into trade as milliners and dressmakers a few years ago has shown itself in some unexpected ways. The newspapers, especially those devoted to fashion and the society papers, treating the advent of the "lad ladies as a matter of news, published so much about them and their doings, that the regular advertisers indignantly demanded that similar notices should be given to them; and, in consequence, even the best papers now show columns filled with articles in which there is scarcely a scrap of real news, and which the sensible reader soon discovers are nothing more than the frame in which some advertiser's name is displayed. As many of the shop-keepers sell similar goods, repetitions are inevitable; and as it is impossible to make a series of puffs really good reading, the writing has fallen into hands far less able than those formerly employed, and the papers have greatly deteriorated. It is the old story, varying only in detail, that the influence of the "reduced lady" is invariably bad in any and every occupation. As for the noble milliners and dressmakers, more than one of them is now going through the second stage of the Heron-Harkness story, and finds, too late, that friends betray, and now buy their bonnets of regular tradeswomen.

At sixteen minutes past one o'clock each morning, after the last cable car has come on the big bridge, an interesting ceremony takes place at the New York terminus of the Brooklyn bridge. A man with a lantern goes carefully along the track looking for valuables dropped by passengers while leaving the cars. The big six o'clock crowd, of course, furnishes the bulk of the flotsam and jetsam, and sometimes the finds are very curious in character. All the night men gather about to look on and crack their jokes, and see that the searcher does not get hold of some treasure in which they are not invited to share. There is always something found. Handkerchiefs, gloves, pieces of jewelry, scarf-pins, pocket-book, sometimes the hat of some excited individual, lots of cigar stumps and newspapers, and, if it happens to be the end of a rainy day, a variable assortment of rubber overshoes, no two alike. A minute witnesses to the hasty struggle which took place seven hours before. I asked one of the bridge men if they were ever known to find a pair of rubbers. "Yes," he said, "and that's the joke of it. It's always odds you find. If the people would only have some regard for us when they drop their gai shoes we might set up a better store here and make our own fortunes."

We need not be ashamed of our [illegible] even in this day of [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

THE NEW GAME.

BY T. B. C.

WHEN Dick came to spend a day with George they sought high and low for a new game.

First out of doors to see all the pets, and that took some time. Each dog had to get a kind word and a bit of play; and the cats did not like to be left out, so George and Dick got scraps of meat and cups of milk, and saw the dogs wag their tails and heard the cats purr in a nice way ere they went to seek their play in the fields.

Here stumps were put up, and bats and ball came forth; but, sad to say, the rain came down at the same time, and a voice from the house brought the boys in.

"To bad!" said George with a stamp. "Each time I have a friend it rains!"

"But the rain does not come for that, my boy," said Mr. Dale in a grave voice; "there is much need of it for those who are poor and must live by the work of their hands. One day of play is not much to give up. Go up stairs till tea-time; you've got your horse up there."

Dick stood in the shade, as boys do when they go to see a friend and are told that they are not in the right; but at word of the horse George's red face grew bright, and he cried—

"Come on, Dick; I know what we'll do."

And he went up the stairs at a bound, while Dick went next; Mr. Dale gave one look at them, then went to his room to write.

At the top of the house was a big bare room where the boys might play. There stood Dick's horse and a few chairs.

"What do you want to do?" said Dick.

"Why," said George, as he brought his horse out, "we'll have a joust!"

"A what?" cried Dick.

"Oh, you know what I mean; we'll be two knights. We'll meet in a lone dark wood—and we'll break a lance for—oh, I don't know what, but just what the knights did it for in days of old."

"Well, that's good! fight, and not know what for!" said Dick with a laugh; but as George's face got red and cross at this, he said—

"I say, all right! We'll play what you like. There's but one horse for two knights, though!"

"You can have the horse," said George in a grand way, "I will take a chair for my steed, and there, sir! I cast my glove on the ground!"

With as much speed as he could, Dick got on to the horse, and George tied a string to his chair to curb it.

The fight was hot, the knights grew red, and at last, when Dick made a lunge, the horse made one too, and the chair fell; so that there was no George to meet the weight of the lance—and, sad to say, the thing came on and went through a pane of glass.

Oh dear! is there a sound that gives you a worse start than the fall of glass? You know how you look all round to see what you can have done; and George got up from the floor, and felt no pain from his fall—it was so much worse to hear the glass break.

"We shall catch it!" he said in a voice of woe. Then, when some time had gone by, he said—

"Where can nurse be? I thought she would have been here by now!"

But no nurse came.

The two boys stood still, their eyes on the bits of glass on the floor, till they heard a scream.

"That's May's voice!" cried George. "Where can nurse be?"

They ran to the door and heard May scream once more. They made a rush for the room where the dear wee child should have been with her nurse, and found smoke all round her, and no one there.

"The rug!" cried Dick.

And they put the hearth rug round the child, who held in her hand a box of lights, which had set fire to her clothes.

The boys rang the bell as hard as they could, and nurse came with a plate in her hand, which she had been down to get. Great was her fear when she saw the smoke, and she threw her plate down to rush and try to save the child, who was only three years old.

"What have you done to her?" she said in an angry way to poor George, who was so sad to see his sister in pain.

Mrs. Dale came in, her face quite white with the fear that the child might be hurt.

"You have left my dear child here—no one to care for her; I can see the box in her hand, and she has lit a match. You wish to blame the boys—but it is your fault, I am quite sure, not theirs."

Poor May was very white and still, but the fire had not hurt her, as the boys had put it out with the rug.

Nurse tried to say she was not to blame, but she was not a good nurse, such as most of you have, and Mrs. Dale would not let her stay.

May got quite well, and when Dick next came to play he said—

"What did you hear of that pane of glass?"

"Not a word," said George, with a smile; "but they said we must have our next joust in the field—so, just for fun, let us take the old horse out."

"Yes, to be sure!" said Dick with glee; "but this time I must have the chair! and I'm sure you will knock me down on the grass, for the chair will stick!"

"Well, the grass won't hurt you half as much as the floor hurt me when I fell!" said George, with a laugh.

MAI NOO'S REWARD.

BY MINNIE DOUGLAS.

MAI NOO was a little Burmese girl, with black hair and eyes, and a yellowish brown skin. She was only ten years old, yet every morning at sunrise she would be up and on her way to market, where she bought the best fruit and flowers she could for her money, and arranging them in a large flat basket (which she carried on her head, or on the palm of her hand) she would trudge about three miles along a dusty road to the steps of the Golden Temple, where she sat all day, selling her fruit and flowers.

Mai Noo was dressed very prettily. She wore a piece of rich violet silk folded around her body, so as to form a sort of skirt, a tight fitting white cotton jacket, and a flowered yellow silk scarf was loosely thrown over the shoulders.

The Golden Temple was the pride and delight of the whole of Burmah. The top part of it which was thirty five feet high, was said to be crammed full of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and other precious stones.

And all around it were little golden bells, which rang with every breeze. Standing upon a hill, the golden spire-shaped pagoda, flashing in the sunshine, was seen by all the inhabitants of the city of Rangoon.

The flights of steps leading up to it were covered by a fantastically painted roof, and on either side of the steps sat groups of women and girls dressed in bright colored silks, selling fruit and flowers, toys and candles.

"I do hope the lady with the little golden sun will be here to-day!" said Mai Noo to a girl who was selling toy tigers a few steps above her.

"Whatever do you mean?"

"Why, that pretty white lady who so often buys my fruit and flowers. The first time she ever spoke to me she took out of her bodice a little round flat gold thing, and looked at it. When I asked her what it was, she said it was called a watch, and by looking at it you could tell the time of the day just as we can by looking at the sun in the sky. I should so like to have a little sun of my own, just like that."

"These white people have all sorts of queer things, and dress in such a funny way, I don't like them at all," said Mai Noo's friend sullenly.

"Here she comes!" cried Mai Noo, "and she has the little boy with her. But she don't see me because of all the crowd of people coming to see the temple."

There certainly was a crowd, and a very strange-looking crowd too, not only of Burmese, but of Siamese and Shans as well.

The Siamese women were very funny-looking, having their hair cut short and standing up like a brush on the top of the head, and the Shans wore hats nearly as big as umbrellas, the women carrying their children on their backs.

But it seemed as if the day was to be an unfortunate one for poor little Mai Noo, for no one bought of her, as she sat still, looking out eagerly for the white lady to come back from the temple.

The girl who sold the toy tigers seemed also to be expecting the return of the white lady with her little boy, for she picked out the biggest of her tigers, and placed them at the most conspicuous part in her small stall.

They were all jointed, and a string fastened to each joint was attached to a piece of wood above, so that by moving this wood the tiger could be made to creep or spring, and its hideous red jaws would slowly open, and display sharp horrible-looking teeth that seemed to hunger for prey.

Presently the lady and her little boy were seen coming down the steps. Directly the child caught sight of the brightly painted tigers he darted towards the stall. The Burmese girl, wishing to excite his interest still more, pulled at the strings of the tigers, which made them look so horribly savage and life-like that the child, seized with fright, started back, and stumbling, fell down the stone steps, and would have rolled down the entire flight, had not Mai Noo, jumping up quick as thought, caught the little fellow in her arms. He was not much hurt, and was soon consoled by his mother's caresses, and one of Mai Noo's sweetest oranges.

"I can never repay you for saving my child's life," said the lady to Mai Noo, "but I should so much like to give you something besides money that will remind you of me, especially as we are going far away to our own country. Do tell me what you would like?"

Mai Noo dropped her eyes for a few minutes, and then looking up, pointed to the lady's watch and said:

"Can you spare me your little gold sun?"

The next minute the watch, fastened to a gold chain, was clasped round her neck, and she was listening to explanations such as how to tell the time by it, and how to wind it up.

And very proud and happy she felt going home that night with a large sum of money to give to her father and mother, and the little gold watch to keep for her very own.

A KING'S YOUTH.—The count de Brienne gives us a good instance of the truth of Wordsworth's famous line, "The child is father of the man."

When the count was eight years old, he and his brother were made pages to King Louis XIV., then in his sixth year. At their first interview with the boy sovereign they were received by Madame de Lasalle, who had been appointed guardian of the king. She had a pike in one hand, and with the other beat a drum at the head of a number of pages who were under her command. A sword hung by her side, and a large hat with black feathers covered her head. Having placed a musket on the shoulders of the young Briennes, she made them give a military salute, and then kissed them.

After that the pages went through their exercises, which greatly pleased the child Louis, who was still dressed in a pinafore. He was always beating a drum, and as soon as his little hands could hold the sticks he had a kettle-drum in front of him, which he was constantly drubbing.

On another occasion the Queen Regent (Louis's mother, who acted as sovereign until he was old enough to govern) gave him a chariot drawn by eight horses to amuse himself with.

At this time there was bitter strife between the court and the people of Paris, and this ill feeling ended in the civil war of the Fronde.

Young Louis, it appeared, was thinking more of these quarrels than of his chariot. When his mother made him her present, the Count de Brienne saw the king was crying, "but not like a child," for the tears were of anger such as grown-up men might shed.

"Why do you cry, dear master?" asked Brienne, kissing the king's hand.

"I shall not always be a child," answered Louis. "Be silent; I wish no one should notice my tears. But these rogues (the people who opposed the court policy and had retired to Bordeaux) shall not always dictate to me. I shall punish them as they deserve. Meanwhile be silent, and do not betray my confidence."

During these years of party fight Louis found his chief pleasure in building a fort in the palace garden. This fort having been constructed, it was defended by one group of his young friends and attacked by another.

If such were his surroundings as a baby, and such his ideas as a lad, it need not surprise us that when Louis became the "Grand Monarch" he deluged many countries of Europe in blood.

AN EVIDENCE.—An Irish soldier on sentry-duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, whereupon Pat boldly challenged him and ordered him to put it out at once. The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw away his cigar; but no sooner was his back turned than Pat picked it up and quietly retired to his sentry box. The officer, happening to look round, observed a beautiful cloud of smoke issuing from the box, and, turning back, he at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty. "Smoking, is it, sur?" said Pat. "Bedad, and I'm only keeping it to show it to the corporal when he comes as evidence agin you!"

IN CASES OF SUDDEN ILLNESS.—It is not easy in a short space to lay down instructions of this kind. But the following principles may, in most cases, be safely acted on.

If the case occurs in a crowded church or other place, and especially if the patient be a lady, it may be considered a mere fainting; and the best way of relieving that is to lay the patient down if possible, use a fan and the smelling bottle, and as soon as the patient has recovered a little remove her into the open air.

The case of a man found insensible is altogether of a graver complexion. Even here the generally safe thing is to lay him down on his side, keeping the head a little raised; to loosen anything about the neck; allow air to play upon the patient; and send for the nearest doctor.

If the patient is quiet and pale, and can swallow, a little wine and water, or spirit and water, may be given, pending the doctor's arrival. If he is in violent convulsion, with foaming at the mouth, the great duty of the bystanders is to control the movements of the patient so that he do not injure himself; to loosen the neckerchief; allow plenty of air to circulate, and await the arrival of a doctor. The patient cannot swallow in this condition, and the fit will in all probability pass off in a few minutes.

A GREAT PITY.—A clergyman wanting occupation, on hearing that there was no preaching in the asylum in a certain city, sought the opportunity to do some good there. At his first service he was very much gratified to observe the attention that one of the patients paid to his sermon; and he went away and told some of his friends that he had found a very hopeful field of labor in the asylum, which had been neglected too long. The next Sunday he noticed the same intent expression on the face of his hopeful listener. Again the next Sunday the same man gave eager attention. In the sermon the old story had been related about Hindoo women casting their children into the Ganges. The minister sought an opportunity after service for a personal conversation with his eager listener. The patient grasped his hand warmly, and said, "I couldn't help thinking while you were telling that story that it was a great pity your mother didn't chuck you into the river when you were a baby."

THE SIGNS.—A colored man was busily engaged in sawing some wood for a Galveston gentleman. The "man and brother" had a large Masonic breast-pin on his shirt-bosom.

"Do you colored masons and white masons affiliate?"

"Don't fillvate worth a cent."

"What's the reason?"

"Dunno, boss, but I's tried it. Dar is a bar-keeper in dis town what toted dis heah berry same emblem. I was in distress; hadn't had a dram all dat mornin', I cum in and gabe de distress signal."

"Did he respond?"

"He didn't respond right. He made a motion at de doah wid one hand, and reached under de bar. I made de sign once moah, and he fetched me between de shoulders wid de bung starter jes' as I was gettin' out de doah."

A GIRL OF THE AGE.—A New York paper thus describes a specimen of this genus in that city:—She went to the theatre and two parties in one evening, carried on three flirtations at each, and the next day refused three offers of marriage, accepted two and broke off three previous engagements, read four novels, wrote two letters and one hundred notes of invitation, practised her music lesson, made herself a new waterfall, ate breakfast, lunch, and dinner enough for two milkmen, took a walk on Fifth Avenue, bought two pounds of French candy and ate it, rode to the Central Park with one of her lovers, and walked home with the other.

TROUSERS AND HATS.—There is a change in the styles of trousers and hats. The military cut prevails everywhere among the best tailors. New York has set the fashion in this respect, and London has followed it. The loose and baggy trousers of a year ago, which were made smaller around the foot than around the knee, have given place to a straight up and-down line and a closer fit to the knee. The bell crowned hats have disappeared, though the beavers of to-day have a slight circular cut to the crown and a curl to the rim that reminds one of them.

LOVE AND I.

BY G. B.

Love laid his heart to mine
To still its sudden pain,
For peace is never more
Where once his head has lain.

He cast his bow aside,
And wide the arrow flew.
"Poor heart, poor hear t!" he cried,
"I will not shoot it through!"

I stooped and kissed his eyes,
And knew that he was fair;
And, at my feet, I saw
His arrow lying there.

I raised it in my hand,
I held it up on high,
And plunged it in my heart,
Without a moan or cry.

And love went out alone,
The while the arrow stayed,
For only love can heal
The wounds that love has made.

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

The Passion flower was a native of the forests of South America, and first introduced to our notice by a Mexican, an Augustinian friar, who brought a drawing of the flower thought to bear in so many respects a resemblance to the several accessories of our Saviour's passion and death.

When shown to a writer on sacred subjects at Rome, 1610, he forebore to make any allusion to them in his works, until further confirmation arrived from New Spain, when some Dominicans at Bologna engraved and published the drawings received, with their description.

The crown of thorns, three nails, blood-red fringe of filaments (representing the scourge), the column of flagellation, five spots of blood, leaves like spears having round spots beneath them, denoting the thirty pieces of silver, and the seed-vessels, or sponge for the vinegar, all attracted notice, as the beautiful blossoms hung from the branches of the forest trees. The passion flower is also a native of Peru, but the upper petals there are of a tawny hue. Its white petals typified the white robe and purity of Christ, observing that as it would fain climb upwards, but cannot without support, and his weakness must be supplemented with Divine power from on high.

The ancient name for the primrose was Paralisos, from the name of a son of Priapus and Flora, who dying of grief at the loss of his betrothed Melicerta, was rescued from death by his parents, and transformed into "the primrose, that forsaken dies." Chaucer called it the "Primerole," derived from the old French Primeverole, the first spring flower.

The Rose of Sharon is familiar by name to all students of the Scriptures; but it seems to be an error to associate that typical flower with the rose of our gardens. The rose of Scripture is believed to have been the tulip. The so called "Rose of Jericho," brought from the "Casa Nuova" Convent of Jerusalem, are only called roses because their little branches curl inwards, and assume a round rose shape.

Amongst the ancients the rose was dedicated to Venus. According to Catullus, the pink coloring was due to its blushing for the wound its thorns inflicted on the foot of the goddess when she hastened to the aid of Adonis. Brides and bridegrooms were crowned with chaplets of white and red roses, Roman brides wearing them in combination with myrtle blossoms. Indeed, there were no public festivities into which they did not enter.

The "Rosary," introduced by St. Dominic, was attributed to the legend, that a chaplet of roses was thrown to him by the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the first instance it consisted of a string of beads composed of rose leaves, compressed in moulds in that form.

The phrase, "a bed of roses," has reference to a once existing fact, for, the Greeks and Romans had their beds and cushions stuffed with them. There is a pretty tradition ascribed to Zoroaster, that the rose was free from thorns until the coming into the world of Ahrimanes, the evil spirit. It is greatly esteemed in Persia, where there is a feast held in its honor, lasting the whole time that the flower remains in bloom; and pelting with them is a favorite game. The world-famed "attar" which they manufacture from them has made them a valuable article of commerce.

The magnificent Sunflower is a herbaceous plant which attains a height of twenty feet, and the golden rayed flowers often measure a foot and a half in diameter. Numerous representations of them, made in pure gold, were found by the early Spanish invaders of Peru in the Temples of the Sun, the workmanship of which was perfectly exquisite, so much so as to outvalue by far their weight in that precious metal. The priestesses were crowned with these; they wore them in their bosoms and carried them in their hands as emblems of the sun. Some adopt the theory that the sunflower was so designated because of its ever turning towards the sun; but an old author writing in 1507 says: 'Some have reported it to turn with the sunne, which I could never observe . . . but I think it was so called because it resembles the radiant beams of the sunne."

Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis I of France, chose the sunflower for her device, "to show that her heart was devoted to God; that flower bearing the greatest affinity to the sun by the similarity of its rays and leaves, and that it turns to where He moves." Thus she signified, he continues, "how she directed all her thoughts, will, and affections toward the great sun, which is God."

How the Thistle became the symbol of Scotland, we need scarcely relate, yet some reader may not have heard that an attempt being made to surprise the Scotch army at night, on the memorable occasion, by the invading Danes, one of the latter trod on a prickly thistle, and his involuntary exclamation roused some wakeful ones, who, flying to arms, drove out the enemy.

Last but not least is that lowly growing and sweet amongst the sweetest of flowers, the Violet. At the games of Toulouse a golden violet was awarded for the best poem. When the unfortunate foundress was undergoing imprisonment, she sent her emblem to her knight to be worn as a token of her constancy, and thenceforth it was adopted (with a singular significance) by the Troubadours. In the olden days of "Merrie England," it told the same story from those presenting it, and in the reign of Charles II. it was reputed by doctors to cure consumption. Pliny affirmed that a chaplet of violets was a preventive of headache. As a family badge it was adopted by the Bonapartes, from the time of the exile to Elba of Napoleon I., and it is said that the ex-Empress Eugenie appeared one evening decorated with a profusion of them, during the time that her future husband was paying her his addresses, as significant of her intention to accept his suit. At the touching funeral of her son, the Prince Imperial, it was noticed that the coffin, drawn on a gun carriage, was covered with violets, and an arch composed of them surmounted the head, several feet in height. As an emblem of sweetness, unobtrusive and lowly, the suitability of the flower is very obvious; as to that of "constancy," the idea seems obscure.

Grains of Gold.

Perfection is the point at which all should aim.

Don't growl at this world until you are sure of a better one.

To believe everything, is weakness; to believe nothing is folly.

The forgiveness of injuries, is a lesson not less important than difficult.

Wisdom, goodness, and tranquility of mind, are solid and enriching benefits.

True generosity remembers benefits received, and forgets those it has conferred.

It requires much virtue to refrain from injuries, but more to suppress resentment.

The world seldom does justice to merit, but always flatters what is called good fortune.

He who watches to do an injury to another, may be almost certain to injure himself.

Impious and high minded prosperity is often applauded, and virtuous humility despised.

If the ages of men were determined by their virtues, many lives would be short indeed.

Meekness, modesty and humility, are graces entirely independent of the shape of the body.

It is not uncommon for people to censure others for faults to which they are themselves addicted.

Being positive in judgment to-day, is no proof that we shall not be of a different opinion to-morrow.

The superficial often applaud vanity and weakness, when they fancy they are admiring and approving virtue.

Femininities.

She who swims in sin will sink in sorrow.

Life is a journey, and death a return home.

Better reap two days too soon than one too late.

If a woman hadn't her weak points she would be an angel.

It is no sin to be tempted; the wickedness lies in being overcome.

Wash gilding in water in which onion has been boiled and dry with a soft cloth.

It is the unmarried lady who can give her sisters points on the art of how to manage a husband.

That prudery which survives youth and beauty resembles a scarecrow left in the fields after harvest.

Nothing is so contagious as example; we are never either much good or much evil without imitators.

Fashion's decree is that to be in style every lady must wear a huge violet of colored velvet centred by a sparkling diamond.

It is the popular belief that if there was a woman, instead of a man, in the moon, lunar history would no longer be secret to us.

To preserve eggs dip them in melted lard, wax or tallow, and pack them in sand or sawdust, with the small end downwards.

It is a good idea for a tall woman to have her kitchen table and ironing board a little higher than ordinary. It will save many a backache.

A deserted wife attracts but little attention, but a deserted husband gets the sympathy of all the widows, old maids and newspapers in the country.

Glasses and dishes wipe to perfection when washed in very hot water. Use a dish mop, soap shaker and iron dish washer. These also expedite the labor, as very hot water can be used.

Give the girls a chance! Widen their horizon, dispel their sentimentality, and do not shut them away from young men of their own station in life. Then we shall hear less about "runaway marriages."

When a bride writes home that she is kept busy her folks say that the poor thing is worked to death, and when she says that she has nothing to do they say that he neglects her. It is hard for a new husband to please his wife's kin.

Teacher: "Will some member explain how we hear things?" Bright sprig: "Somebody tells pa something down town, then pa tells it to ma as a profound secret, then ma tells it at the sewing society meeting, and then we all hear it."

A diminutive oddity is a large pin of variegated gold representing a country market basket. Showing through a jagged hole at the bottom of the receptacle is the grinning face of a black enamel mouse, while another is seen climbing over the top.

Mrs. Greeneyes: "It is useless for you to attempt to deceive me. Imagine my feelings when I find a blonde hair on your coat when you know my hair is black." Mr. Greeneyes: "Well, my dear, if you don't like it why don't you bleach your hair?"

A few years ago a fashionable table was so piled with high dishes that it was impossible to see one's vis-a-vis without peeping under the heavily laden silver and glassware. Now a table is considered vulgar when not laid in a low, simple manner.

Tommy had learned to tell time and his mamma gave him a beautiful watch. "What time is it?" asked the proud young mamma. "Quarter past six." "You are mistaken; it is half past six." "How glad I am!" "Why so?" "I have loved you a quarter of an hour longer."

An Englishman who came to this country 30 years ago, leaving a wife at home to whom he soon after ceased writing, was amazed on a recent Sunday, at his boarding house in Cohoes, N. Y., by coming face to face with her. They eyed each other for a moment and then embraced. She had been searching for years for him, going from town to town all over the country.

The decoration for chairs, to take the place of the scarf and old-fashioned tidy, is a small, flat cushion or head-rest, attached by straps of ribbon to another still smaller, which balances the first, as one cushion hangs in front and the other behind the back of the chair. These head-rests and shoulder-rolls are made of silk, plush and many art fabrics, and the hand painting and embroidery on some of them are exquisite.

The well-bred girl doesn't say she hates women, and she has some good, true friends among them. She does not accept a valuable present from any man unless she expects to marry him. She doesn't scorn the use of the needle, and expects some day to make clothes for very little people who will be very dear to her. She doesn't want to become a man, and she doesn't try to imitate him by wearing stiff hats, smoking cigarettes, and using an occasional big, big D.

"Are you fond of duck?" asks a writer in a Chicago paper, who then goes on to say: "Do you shoot your game or buy it? If you buy it, how do you know it is young or old? Do you want to know? I'll tell you. Take the duck and hold it at arm's length, straight from the shoulder, by the lower part of the bill. If the bill breaks from where it joins the meat then the duck is young. If it doesn't, don't buy it. The duck being old the meat is tough, and the bill is too firmly hung to break. It is an infallible rule."

"You mean a dog collar," said a New York reporter to the omniscient society man. "No, sir; I mean a dog ring. You see, fashionable people who love their pets tired of gold and silver and studded collars, so, after much laborious brain searching, they hit upon the idea of a jeweled ring." "Isn't the ring liable to slip off the animal's leg when in action?" "It isn't for the leg. It's for the tail." "Don't you think their jewels will excite the cupidity of dog stealers?" "Undoubtedly. But you must remember they will only be worn by animals who are well able to take care of themselves."

Masculinities.

If things were done twice all would be wise.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

He who looks well to himself never lacks business.

Years do not make sages; they only make old men.

If a woman's face is her fortune, a man's cheek is frequently his.

You hardly ever find a fool who does not think he knows all about it.

A short acquaintance—the man who is always wanting to borrow money.

It is vain for a man to be born fortunate if he be unfortunate in his marriage.

Silver letter clips are sometimes formed of a monogram of the owner's initials.

Silver holders for billiard chalk are among the appropriate novelties of the season.

The mouth of the wise man is in his heart; the heart of a fool is in his mouth.

He who is only just is cruel; who upon the earth could live were all judged justly?

Philosophy is only valuable when it serves for the law of life, not the ostentation of science.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine.

An idea in gold cuff buttons that will certainly take is an Indian club and a dumbbell linked together.

Perhaps there is nothing so touching about a small child as its hands after it has been making mud pies.

George: "How is your suit with Miss De Pink progressing?" Jack: "Finely. When I call now her dog wags its tail."

The strength of a young lady's opposition to smoking depends upon whether it is her brother or some other young man.

Of a fanciful order is a paper-cutter made to represent a riding-whip, with a silver handle, and the blade of tortoise shell.

One embrace, says a cautious suitor, is worth a dozen love letters, because it cannot be introduced in a breach of promise suit.

The average man is forgotten in two days after his funeral; if he has been a good man, and worked hard all his life, he is remembered two weeks.

Ready to back anything. Host: "Can you ride, Mr. Lightfoot?" Easy guest: "Ride? I belong to 14 secret societies. Bring on your mustang."

A male reformer may be defined as a man who has made a failure of business, and a female reformer as a woman who has made a failure of marriage.

Included in the array of fancy goods now shown is a paper-weight, composing a Bedouin Arab striving to reach the summit of a jagged edged rock of crystal.

Among the quaint in call bells is an equilibrist, who, while on his back, is balancing on his feet an onyx ball mounted by a trick dog, the latter spinning around each time a call is made.

Wealthy old gent: "What! Marry my daughter! You are being supported by your father." Suitor: "Yes, sir; but my father is tired of supporting me, and I thought I'd better get into another family."

Old friend, to a grief-stricken widow: "I hope my old friend Junker was fully prepared to go." Widow, with her handkerchief to her eyes: "Fully prepared? Yes indeed! He was insured in half a dozen companies."

Quite a novel acquisition to the library is a heavy bronze duck's head, the neck of which is ornamented with colored cloths, while the mouth opens with a spring, thus forming a combination paper weight, penwiper and letter clip.

The average woman sees no one from daylight to dark but her husband and her children. Her husband never talks State affairs to her. If he hears down town that some man has run off with another man's wife, he tells her of it, and then complains afterward that she talks scandal.

The term "Johnnie," which was originally coined in London, is now very generally used in New York to describe the peculiar class of pallid youngsters who hang around stage doors and frequent burlesque theatres. The distinction between a Johnnie and a dude seems to be that the former has money.

One day recently, says a correspondent, we were dining at a Strand restaurant, noted for its excellent cookery and bad waiting. At the next table sat a middle-aged gentleman and his little son, the latter endeavoring to assuage the pangs of hunger by devouring bread. At last, his patience quite exhausted, the little fellow said, "Papa, why don't you kick up a jolly row, the same as you do at home?"

A Bolivar, Miss., dispatch says: "The ball given by the young men of Benoit was universally scored a success by all in attendance. The heavenly spheres shone forth in their transcendant beauty on this Thursday night, seeming in perfect harmony with the brilliancy of the event, and through mud and mire from Greenville to Rosedale the creme de la creme of the Mississippi Delta came to participate in the terpsichorean fete."

One of the latest Parisian novelties to arrive here is a candleholder of a "racy" description. Standing on four hoofs is a large horseshoe, from which rises a two-inch rod, with an inverted jockey cap resting on top. Behind this, which, by the way, is encircled by the lash of a riding whip, stands a tall steel rod, from whence branch out two steel spurs, holding blue glasses. These latter act as reflectors on the candle light below, and may be turned to any suitable position.

Recent Book Issues.

"Dosia," Henry Greville's great work, is just published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., this city, to sell at the very low price of twenty-five cents a copy.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Cassell's Family Magazine begins the New Year with an attractive January number. The opening chapters of three serial stories are given, each admirably illustrated. Besides these there are short stories of excellent quality. In the way of descriptive articles there are "The Artistic Aspect of Railways," illustrated; "American Farming for Women," illustrated, and "A Wonder of the North," by which is meant the famous Forth bridge which the North British Railway Company have undertaken to build across the Frith of Forth. Other articles include recipes for making 'Delicacies for the Winter Tea Table," London and Paris fashion letters, poetry and much practical information in the "Gatherer" department. The frontispiece, printed in tint, is called "The Brides-maids." Cassell & Company, publishers, New York.

The Christmas (December) number of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, with 136 pages, is an exceedingly interesting one, and many of its articles are profusely and very beautifully illustrated. Its frontispiece, "All Hands to the Pump," is a spiritedly executed copy of H. S. Tuke's celebrated picture. The opening paper "From Moor to Sea," is a graphic illustrated descriptive and historical sketch of the wild and romantic course of the Dart from its source in Dartmoor to its confluence with the sea at Dartmouth. Rev. Harold Rylett contributes an interesting and fully illustrated paper about the manufacture of "Nails and Chains" in the "Black Country" of England. Hugh Thomson has five pages of his characteristic pictures, illustrating "Oh dear, what can the matter be?' There are two unusually good stories, "A Modern Problem," by Sheldon Clarke, and "La Mulette," by W. Clark Russell. G. E. Lodge contributes an article of lively interest about "Poachers Furred and Feathered," richly illustrated. There is a beautiful story for children, by Mary Vernon, entitled "The Golden Dachshunds." An article of peculiar interest is contributed by James Baker, "In the Peloponnesus," illustrated by Walter Crane. There are five pages of music, giving a "Cycle of Six Love Lyrics," good poems, and several other articles all on interesting subjects. Macmillan & Co., New York.

THE DATE.—When ripe, the date has a pleasant taste, not unlike the fig, but if gathered too early the flavor is apt to be astringent. The Arabs prepare a kind of meal from this fruit, by hardening it in the sun. The young leaves of the date tree are also eaten with lemon juice as a salad.

When the date-tree is perforated, a kind of white sap, known as "date-milk," is obtained. This liquid possesses a very agreeable, sweet taste, and is given to sick persons. The hard stones found inside the dates, are employed by the Arabs as food for cattle, after they have been crushed and softened in water.

Ropes and sails are also made by the Arabs from the filaments which arise from the stumps of the branches. They also weave mats and similar articles from the old leaves. The wood of the date-tree is very durable, and is employed for beams of houses, and similar purposes.

The date-tree often grows to a hundred feet in height, and is very profitable to the natives of the countries where it grows, as it requires no attention, and will thrive as well on sandy as on cultivated soils.

Dates are nourishing, though rather hard of digestion, but when eaten in excess, are liable to cause headaches and affections of the skin.

THERE IS NOTHING new this season in bride's or wedding cake, except the additional avoirdupois. The present fancy seems to be to make it more strong and compact than usual, and better fitted for the exciting drama in which it figures with the parties who are courageous enough to eat it. The foolish habit in which girls indulge of wrapping wedding-cake in brown paper and placing it under their pillows to dream upon is a most dangerous one and should be abolished. Many cases might be cited where an unsuspecting mother, finding the paper parcel under her daughter's pillow, carelessly throws it out of the window, and the neighbor's hired man is knocked into eternity.

PETROLEUM.—"Petroleum," says a correspondent, "was known, and even refined, long before it was used in lamps. A Frenchman is said to have spent years in vain endeavors to construct a lamp in which the new oil would burn without smoking. Accident helped him at last. Vexed by failure, he had drained his wine-flask—a long-necked, thin bottle, like oil flasks—and set it down on the table so hard as to break the glass bottom. He then chanced to catch it up and hold it over the flame of his smoking lamp. The smoke ceased, and he saw that what he sought at was found."

An open secret—The unparalleled merit and popularity of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A specific for all bodily pain is Salvation Oil. It cures all pain instantly and costs 25c.

A GREEK THEATRE.

IF WE endeavor to form an idea of the ancient Greek theatre we must to a great extent divest our minds of modern notions respecting the stage; for at the period we propose to sketch (450 B. C.) the Attic theatre preserved in its dramatic performances many characteristics of its religious origin in the worship of Dionysos or Bacchus. It was national as well as religious, since the personages of the dramas were the half-mythic heroes, demi-gods, and kings belonging to the earlier ages of the Greek people, and whose history was familiar to all.

The performances were rare, as they were chiefly limited to three days in the spring of the year, took place in the daytime in the open air, and were attended as a religious duty by all classes of citizens, native and alien; the state paying the small sums charged for admission when the citizen was too poor to afford them.

The principal theatre in Greece was that of Dionysos at Athens; in some instances authors themselves acted in their own pieces. The structure was of colossal size, and stood on the rocky slope of the southern side of the Acropolis, on an enclosure of land sacred to the god.

It held thirty thousand people in the tiers of seats, rising in semicircular form, hewn out of the solid limestone rock, and sloping gradually to within about twelve feet of the sanded floor of the orchestra or dancing-place. The lowest tiers were apportioned to the magistrates and generals and any visitors of distinction; and the upper ones to the general body of the people; particular places being assigned to the women and the younger men. The spectators faced the south.

Considerably more than half of the orchestra was covered with a raised boarding, which was approached from the areas by a flight of steps, and having in the centre the *Thymele*, or altar of Dionysos, round which the chorus moved in the rhythmic measures of the dance and chanted their choral songs. They sang to the accompaniment of a flute, and are believed to have kept time with timbrels or cymbals, at any rate in the more martial odes.

They were under the leadership of the Choragus, generally a man of wealth and position in the city, who was charged by the state with the expense of the men and boys employed, as he furnished them with instructors in both music and dancing; in addition to which he acted as spokesman when required to take part in the drama. The exact position of the chorus in relation to the play is a disputed one, there being no equivalent in modern plays. The chorus moralised on the action of the play, or expressed horror, hope, or pleasure at the deeds enacted on the stage.

From the orchestra, two central flights of stairs led to the stage, which corresponded in height to the lowest tier of seats opposite. It was, in comparison with our modern stage, a mere ledge, so great was its length in proportion to its depth. Along the front, where our footlights are, was placed a row of statuettes and pilasters; a portion of the back receded in quadrangular form, and was bounded by a wall, architecturally adorned, and rising to about the same height as the columned gallery which ran round the topmost tiers of the opposite seats. In this quadrangular space there seem to have been five doors—one in the centre, and one on each side of it, facing the audience; the other two being at the corners.

Through the central one, the principal actor, called the Protagonist, made his entry, and his two subordinates by the doors on either side. The scenic arrangement of the stage differed from ours very materially, as the object supposed to be nearest the spectators immediately faced them, occupying the centre of the stage or *proscenium*, while the distance was shown by painted curtains, &c., at the two sides. On the left stood the edifice—temple, palace, or house,—in which the story took place; and on the right lay the open country—lake, mountains, sea, or plain.

The construction of the scenery is very much a matter of surmise; but we must believe it to have been both elaborate and ingenious, in order to fulfil the requirements of many plays that have reached us.

There were, it is certain, spacious rooms for the construction or housing of scenery on either side of the *proscenium*, and contrivances under the logeum, or front stage, for producing an imitation of thunder and lightning—the one being caused, we are told, by rolling leathern bags of pebbles down sheets of brass; and the other by the flashing of prisms.

The whole of the stage and the elevated portion of the orchestra were of wood, and removable, as the theatre, being required for dramatic purposes only at rare intervals during the year, was also used for popular assemblies, and on other occasions when a large concourse of the people was expected.

As the dimensions of the building were so vast, it was customary to increase the stature of the actors by the use of the cothurnus or buskin—a kind of high boot, ornamented in front, and having a layer of soles, some three inches thick. The cothurnus was painted the same color as the robe worn. In addition to this, masks covering the whole head and face were used. On the top, over the forehead, was a lofty frontlet of conical form, which must have added considerably to the stature and dignity of the actor: inside the mask, there seems to have been some contrivance for strengthening the power of the voice to enable it to fill the immense space of the auditorium.

Bell shaped vessels of bronze are said to have been placed in various parts of the theatre to reflect the sound; and the actors were subjected to a severe course of training both as to power and modulation of voice. Many of the actors were men of position and influence in Attic society, and more than one had been entrusted with diplomatic and other missions.

There were only three performers in speaking parts, the others were silent; indeed, they could not have spoken had they tried, for their masks had the orifice of the mouth closed; while those worn by the principal actor and his two subordinates were constructed with the mouth open in the shape of an O.

No women were allowed to act, the female parts being taken, as in Shakespearean times with us, by boys or young men, not only on the stage itself, but in the chorus.

The dresses worn on the stage bore no resemblance to the ordinary Athenian costume, but consisted of flowing robes of purple and yellow and other brilliant hues, crowns or chaplets, and broad embroidered girdles. These robes were of length as to cover the feet, and were common to all characters, male as well as female.

When a poet desired to produce his drama, it was formerly submitted to a court of judges convened for the purpose and if it passed the ordeal, a chorus was assigned to him, and the play (usually a trilogy, or a connected set of three) put into rehearsal; the drilling of actors and chorus usually lasting a month. On the day of performance the trilogy was followed by a satirical drama. It is conjectured that between sunrise and sunset, roughly speaking, some three or four sets of plays were performed on the three days devoted to the dramatic festival.

No play seems to have been performed twice, at least at the Athenian, which was the principal dramatic contest. If successful, the drama was probably produced at the theatres of other Greek towns in Attica and elsewhere. As it would have been beneath a Greek play-wright to receive money for his compositions, the victor in the contest was crowned with a wreath of ivy, which was held to be the highest honor attainable. The competitors, it must be remembered, were usually men of wealth and consideration in the state, and occupied other posts than that of dramatic authorship.

Such, in brief, was a Greek theatre in the age of Pericles, when Athenian art and culture had reached their maximum of splendor. Of the plays, but few remain to us; and of the theatre of Dionysos itself, only a few broken stone steps now mark the site.

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When boreal blasts to blow begin
Straight from the Pole,
Then he's a happy man whose bin
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Though most ungrateful are most men,
If nights are cool,
It makes a fellow grateful when
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—U. N. NONE.

A grate nuisance—Bad coal.

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Passing the time—Going by a clock.

Base inhospitality — Turning out your toes.

Lots of things would be different if they were otherwise.

The latest name for matrimony is "committing twoicide."

Galloping consumption—Dinner at a railway restaurant.

Everybody complains of his gas bill, and yet it is a light expense.

"Drop me a line," as the drowning man said to the sailor on deck.

Why is Canada like courtship?—Because it borders on the United States.

Why is a badly-conducted hotel like a fiddle?—Because it is a vile-inn.

"I am going to draw this beau into a knot," as the lady said at the hymeneal altar.

When lovers quarrel, what presents made on either side are not returned?—The kisses.

"Any fool can make money," said the counterfeiter, "but it takes a wise man to dispose of it."

A country paper advertises for sale a pew which "commands a view of nearly the whole congregation."

It costs less to go to see a doctor than it does to have him come to see you, but the apothecary man always gets there just the same.

"Going out again, Henry?" asked Mrs Hartley reproachfully; "there was a time when you and I were never so happy as when we were alone." "Well, what of that?" was the unfeeling reply. "I don't object to being alone now."

Mr. Brown awakening from a two weeks' spree: "Where am I?" Mrs. Brown, wishing to make the awakening as horrible as possible: "You are in Hades." Brown: "And you here, too! Oh, my punishment is greater than I can bear!"

It is said of a popular lecturer, that on announcing to his wife, who had her own opinion about his talents, that he was going to lecture at Sheffield, the lady replied, "At Sheffield! I'm so glad; I always hated those Sheffield people."

"My dear," said the wife of the funny man, "have you finished your column of jokes yet?" "Just finished it, dear." "Will you read it to me?" "With great pleasure; but why do you wish me to read it at this time of night?" "I want to go to sleep."

Spectator, to defendant: "Well, I guess the jury will find for you. The judge's charge was very much in your favor. Don't you think so?" Defendant, moodily: "Oh, I knew all along that the judge's charge would be all right. It's the lawyer's charge that's worryin' me."

When at college, Surtees was waiting on the dean on business, and feeling cold, stirred the fire. "Pray, Mr. Surtees," said the great man, "do you think that any other undergraduate in this college would have taken that liberty?" "Yes, Mr. Dean," was the reply; "any one as cool as I am."

During the first battle of Bull Run a brigadier-general discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground, and ordered him to join his regiment. The man, looking him full in the face, placed his thumb upon his nose, and replied: "No you don't, old fellow; you want this hole yourself."

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HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

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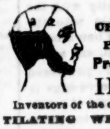

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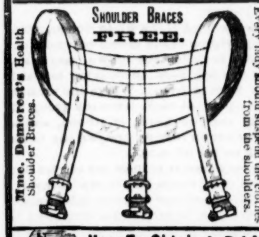

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$661 TO BE GIVEN AWAY, Feb'y 1st, 1890.

We will give to the **First 150 PERSONS** telling us where the word "WIFE" is first found in the Bible, before Feb. 1st, 1890, the following valuable prizes. To the 1st person giving the correct answer, $100; 2d, $75; 3d $50; 4th, a Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch; 5th, a Beautiful Diamond Ring; to each of the next 20 of the 150 a Solid Silver Watch; 50 pairs Diamond Screw Ear Rings, perfect little gems; to each of the next 70 of the 150 a very correct imitation of a Beautiful Solid Gold Ring set with genuine Diamonds. With your answer send 25c. to help cover expense of this advt., postage, &c., and we will send you our Illustrated 16 page Monthly for 4 months and our new Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Diamonds, &c. Our 3rd Monthly of March issue will announce the result of the contest, with names and addresses of the winners. This offer is made solely to introduce our publications into new homes. We, as publishers are thoroughly known. "Honesty and Square Dealing" is our motto. Our MONTHLY was established in 1877. Give full name and address. (Stamps taken.) Address

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Having recently purchased the entire stock of watches of the Bankrupt firm of Welden, Richards & Co., consisting of solid gold, silver, and gold-filled cases, we shall offer a portion of the same at prices never before heard of in the Watch trade. Among the stock are 3,700 American Movement watches in solid gold-filled Cases, which we shall sell singly or by the dozen to private parties or the trade at the unheard-of low price of $3.50 each. Each and every watch is guaranteed a perfect time keeper and each watch is accompanied with our written guarantee for five years. Think of it! A genuine, Stem-winding American Movement watch, in solid, gold-filled cases and guaranteed for five years, for $3.50. Those wanting a first-class, reliable time-keeper, at about one third retail price, should order at once. Watch speculators can make money by buying by the dozen to sell again.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Winter mantles, with their rich ornaments of hand-worked embroidery, costly passementerie and fur, are beginning to be shown, but at present they are more looked at than worn. Models more suited to the season are so numerous and so becoming, that they will be worn as late as possible, until colder weather sets in.

There are, for young ladies, some charming little pelerine mantelets, made in several ways, of plain colored cloth. One model, in spinach green cloth, fits the figure at the back, but the pelerine sleeves fall in long mantelet ends in front, pleated from top to edge. This model is trimmed with black passementerie.

A somewhat similar model is a double cape, the lower one terminating in long narrow ends, which are either allowed to fall straight in front, or else they are crossed in front and fastened at the waist behind, the ends falling on the dress.

Jackets are of all types, but not always remarkably novel; the most dressy are in gray cloth, with the fronts turned back and embroidered with gray silk, forming revers on either side of a short white cloth waistcoat embroidered with a wreath of raised flowers worked in gray silk. For ordinary wear tight-fitting jackets are made of green or iron-gray cloth, with a very long pointed basque in front and short open basque at the back.

The jacket is fastened down the front with a series of graduated tabs of cloth, and the wide sleeves are open at the back, showing the surah lining, but joined by tabs. Another favorite style is a loose-fronted jacket of small-patterned chequered cloth; it is fastened in a curved diagonal line, a revers of moire silk, wide at the top but ending in a point, following the line of the opening.

The stand-up collar and small cuffs are of moire silk, which is still far from being demode, especially when used in combination with cloth.

Long mantles are still chiefly of the Russian type, with plain coat sleeves under the long hanging sleeves. For the demi saison these are made of cloth in wide stripes or in broche patterns, and form very stylish pardessus.

In some models the fronts open to the waist over a pleated or gathered silk plastron in the darkest shade of the cloth, with a silk or ribbon sash in the same color tied in front at the point of the plastron, whilst the revers framing the opening are of silk in the lighter shade.

Tight-fitting redingotes are very fashionable, but vary chiefly from older models in the sleeves; many are in a long open bell shape, the back part almost as long as the redingote, and terminating in a point; the lining is of silk, or surah in a bright contrasting color.

Another form of sleeve, adapted over a coat sleeve, is made of a triangular piece of the cloth, joined on at the shoulder and as far as the waist behind along the bias edge, but open in front; the long shawl point falls in easy natural folds from the shoulder, and is of course much longer in the centre than at the sides.

Modistes are introducing for autumn modes combinations and gradations of colors that are certainly new sometimes but not in all cases very successful. Amongst a number of models two of the best are the following: both dresses are made chiefly of cloth; one is in a pale shade of dove or quaker gray; the skirt is draped a little in front, but in plain pleats at the back.

The corsage is quite plain and short-waisted, with a sash of dark green ribbon fastened with long ends a little to the left of the front. With this is worn a Carrick in five shades of dove gray cloth; the lowest cape matches the dress and is in the lightest shade, the darkest shade is reserved for the top cape and the stand-up collar.

Everything in this dress of course depends on the shading of the superposed capes of the Carrick, and the slightest error would have been fatal to the whole effect of the costume.

The other dress is in ashen gray and brown cloth and brown velvet. The skirt is of gray cloth, in wide pleats alternated with bands of brown velvet. The pointed bodice with deep basque is of brown cloth, and opens in front to the waist over a waistcoat and collar of gray cloth. The rolled collar and revers and the cuffs are trimmed with plain rows of thick brown passementerie cord.

Very charming toilettes are made of fine woollens with extremely rich broche borders in cashmere colorings. The skirts are very simply made, but generally draped a little from the hips, to break the monotony of the straight lines of a plain skirt, without interfering with the broche border, which is undisturbed by the simple folds. The corsage, usually open and pointed, has a plastron, revers and other ornaments of the embroidery.

For rich dinner and evening dresses no materials can vie with the magnificent brocbes, most of which were especially made for the Exhibition. Plain skirts, both with and without trains, are adopted for these dresses, and in nearly all cases they are open in front over a tablier of some other fabric.

The first signs of a change in the fashions are generally to be found in chapeaux. Felt hats in sailor shape, with very low, flat crowns, and straight brims considerably wider in front than at the back, are at present the most fashionable head-gear. The shapes vary a little, but only a very little, in style, variety is given by the color of the felt and the choice and arrangement of the trimmings.

A very pretty, soft shade of tan is a favorite color, and hats of felt in this shade are trimmed in various ways, of which the following is one of the best and prettiest. The low crown is covered with tan velvet, and the join is concealed along the right side by a twisted strap of very pale green ribbon ending in small bows in front. On the left side is a long shaded tan feather starting from the centre of the front and falling over the brim at the back. A strap of gold-brocaded tan ribbon is carried along the top of the crown, and ends with bows close to and above the green bow.

A grey felt hat, with the brim turned up and fastened to the crown at the back, is trimmed with white ribbon embroidered with gold, lined and mixed with chocolate brown ribbon.

A narrow band of the white ribbon, with a double piping of the brown beyond it on one side, encircles the crown, and is arranged in a few small loops lying forward on the brim in front. Where the brim is turned up at the back there is a group of loops of the two kinds of ribbon, and a plume of brown feather tips join the bows far back on the left side.

Hats very similar to these are carried out in velvet of all colors; the crown is invariably flat, sometimes scarcely distinguishable from the brim, and the trimming is low, especially in front, where it rises very little above the crown.

The very small capotes that are still fashionable are now made of velvet; a single piece of material forms both crown and brim; it is pleated at the back and drawn up to provide a bouillonne above the centre of the front; the edges are then covered with a fancy galon, or gold and silk embroidery, which constitutes the brim.

A bow of ribbon and small aigrette are placed in front, resting on the hair, and three narrow ribbon strings start from under the pleats at the back. This style of bonnet is made in all colors, to suit the dress, and in black, with gold galon and gold colored strings and aigrettes.

The mixture of black and gold color, always effective and at present very much in vogue, is well represented in a black velvet chapeau, with a low, flat crown, and brim narrow and bent at the sides.

The low, cap shaped crown and brim are of black velvet, and the brim is bordered with a trimming of cut jet nail-heads, arranged in pointed scallops, the points of the scallops at the sides and back resting on a narrow band of gold-colored ribbon encircling the crown. Close to this is a plume of black feather tips; the strings coming from the back are of the inch wide gold-colored ribbon.

Odds and Ends
A VARIETY OF DISHES.

Dutch Sauce.—Put three tablespoonfuls of vinegar in a saucepan, and reduce it on the fire to one-third; add one-quarter pound of butter and the yolks of two eggs. Place the saucepan on a slow fire, stir the contents continuously with a spoon, and as fast as the butter melts add more, until one pound is used. If the sauce becomes too thick at any time during the process, add a tablespoonful of cold water and continue stirring. Then put in pepper and salt to taste, and take great care not to let the sauce boil. When it is made—that is, when all the butter is used and the sauce is of the proper thickness—put the saucepan containing it into another filled with warm (not boiling) water until the time of serving.

Game Aspic.—Cut the breasts of a brace of birds into fillets, cook them in the oven, smothered in butter, in a tin with pepper and salt, and put them between two plates under a weight, to get cold. With the rest of the flesh of the birds make a forcemeat as follows: Pound it in a mortar with an equal quantity of lean veal; add as much breadcrumbs soaked in stock and squeezed dry; mix the whole thoroughly well in the mortar, then pass the mixture through a sieve; return it to the mortar; work into it one tablespoonful of Spanish sauce or chaudfroid sauce, pepper and salt, a little powdered sweet herbs or spices, then the yolks of two and the white of one egg. Put this composition into a plain buttered mould, steam it for half an hour, and turn it out. When cold cut it in slices, and cut the slices into rounds all of a shape; cut all the fillets to the same size; cut also some ready cooked truffle into slices; set some white of egg in a jam pot placed in a saucepan full of boiling water, turn it out, cut it in slices, and from them cut pieces all of a size. Pour a little well-flavored aspic jelly into a mould; when it begins to set, arrange the above materials in it, filling up with jelly until the mould is full, and when quite set turn it out.

Partridge Pie.—Cut the breasts or fillets and the legs off two or three birds, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, and cook them in the oven, smothered in butter, and covered with a buttered paper. Pound the carcases and make of them some good gravy, but do not thicken it. Take the liver of the birds with an equal quantity of calves' liver, mince both, and toss them in butter over the fire for a minute or two; then pound them in a mortar with an equal quantity of bacon, a couple of shallots parboiled, with pepper, salt, powdered spice, and sweet herbs to taste. When this mixture is well pounded, pass it through a sieve. Put a layer of this forcemeat into a pie dish, arrange the pieces of partridge on it, filling up the interstices with the forcemeat. Then pour in as much gravy as is required, put on a cover of either puff or short paste, and bake for about an hour. When done, a little more gravy, boiling hot, may be introduced through a hole in the centre of the crust. If liked, the breasts of the birds may be larded with fat bacon, and truffles and mushrooms added, especially if to be eaten cold; also a little melted aspic or calves' foot jelly may be added with the gravy.

Riz a l'Imperatrice.—Boil three tablespoonfuls of rice, picked and washed clean, in a pint of milk, with sugar to taste, and a piece of vanilla; when quite done put it into a basin to get cold. Make a custard with a gill of milk and the yolks of four eggs; when cold mix it with rice. Beat up to a froth a gill of cream, with some sugar and a pinch of isinglass dissolved in a little water; mix this very lightly with the rice and custard; fill a mould with the mixture, and set it on ice. When moderately iced turn it out on a dish, and serve.

Neapolitan Cake.—Take of powdered lump sugar the weight of twelve eggs in their shells, and half that weight of potato flour; separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs, beat up the latter with the sugar, adding the grated rind of one lemon. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, mix the two together, and incorporate with the mixture, quickly and effectually, the potato flour, beating it all the time with the egg whisk. Pour into a plain mould, buttered. Bake in a quick oven until done. When cold cut the cake in horizontal slices half an inch thick. Spread half the slices of cake with apricot jam, and half with chocolate icing. Arrange the slices one over the other, so as to form the cake again. Trim the slices neatly, and ice the cake completely over with chocolate icing. This must be done quickly, and the icing should be kept hot, for it soon sets. Ornament the cake with any bonbons or sweetmeats, which must be put on before the icing has time to cool.

Maccaroni Cheese.—Parboil for ten minutes in fast boiling and salted water one-quarter pound of any kind of maccaroni. Drain it well, and put it into a saucepan with a little fresh butter, some milk, and plenty of grated Parmesan cheese and black pepper. Simmer until the maccaroni is cooked to your taste, turn it out on a hot dish, sprinkle grated Parmesan over, brown with a salamander, and serve.

Boil two ounces of maccaroni in water, drain it well; put into a saucepan one ounce of butter, mix it well with one tablespoonful of flour, moisten with four tablespoonfuls of veal stock and a gill of cream, add two ounces of grated Parmesan, one tablespoonful of mustard, salt and cayenne to taste; put in the maccaroni, and serve as soon as it is well mixed with the sauce and quite hot.

HENRY: "So you asked old Growler for his daughter last night, did you, Fred? And how did you come out?" Fred: "It was a window, I believe, Harry. That was the best I could do, though."

Confidential Correspondents.

BEATRICE.—Wedding invitations should be issued two weeks before the day appointed for the ceremony.

DUBIO.—A vessel sailing around the world to the east gains a day because she is going into the sunrise; sailing west she loses a day.

A J.—Your best plan will be to apply to the owners of the ship the man has sailed in; you cannot make anyone else responsible for his debts.

AGNETA.—It is a legal offence to register a death in a wrong name; also to cause a false description of a deceased person to be placed on a tombstone.

DARLING.—By all means bow to the gentleman when you meet him, unless you want to cut him. 2. A lady does not rise when addressed by a gentleman, unless he is of very superior rank to herself.

W. R.—Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa, and was therefore an Italian. He sailed under a commission from the King and Queen of Spain. He raised the Spanish colors on one of the Bahama islands, which he named San Salvador.

J SHARP.—It only requires a courageous effort of the will to abandon any bad habit. Any man can leave off smoking or drinking, or any vicious indulgence, if he only tries. It is the first effort that is the difficulty. Make that resolutely, and the self-reformation will surely follow.

O. I. T.—You can hardly accept the gentleman's resignation of his claim on you, and allow the engagement to terminate. You appear to have brought the unpleasant state of things about by your own jealousy, and you can hardly wonder that it has been resented; you can scarcely say anything about it.

SIX.—De Soto discovered the Mississippi river in 1541; Balboa discovered the Pacific ocean in 1513. John Cabot discovered the North American continent in 1497; Champlain laid the foundations of Quebec in 1608, and discovered Lake Champlain in 1609; and Drake circumnavigated the globe in 1577–1580 exploring the Pacific coast as far as Oregon in 1579.

PIPPA.—What are termed meerschaum pipes are made of a kind of earth, found abundantly in Asia Minor, consisting of silica and magnesia. Translated, the word "meerschaum" means sea scum, or sea froth; so named on account of the lightness of this earth. When first dug up it is comparatively soft, and the Tartar use it as soap for washing linen.

BARLON S.—Waves on the ocean are caused by the wind, which, by its irregular pressure, sets the particles of water in motion. Tides are the regular rising and falling of the waters of the sea, occuring twice a day, and are caused by the attraction of the moon and sun. The attraction of the moon causes the sea to bulge out on the side toward the moon and on the opposite side, forming tides. As the earth rotates, this tide moves like a wave, following the moon.

G. H. J.—It is a very sad position for you to be in, and breaking off the affair will no doubt cause you much suffering. It was very cruel of the gentleman to deceive you so, and the only thing you can do is to break with him for ever. He cannot marry you unless he obtains a divorce, which probably he cannot do. Be brave and forget him—it can be done if you try—and you will find happiness again, be sure of it. It is fortunate for you that you have found the wrong out now; if he had married you and you had discovered afterwards that you were no wife, but only a dishonored, wronged woman, it would have been far harder to bear.

QUI VIVE.—Hemorrhages from the nose, if not excessive, are not by themselves dangerous. They depend either on a natural liability to hemorrhage, which in some people is very strong, on nervous excitement, disease of the heart or blood vessels, or, especially in women, on certain peculiar derangements of the system. The treatment of nose bleeding consists in the application of cold, either, to the bridge of the nose, the nape of the neck, or simply to the hands and feet. Plunging the hands into a basin of cold water will often do. An old-fashioned remedy is to slip the street doorkey down the back; or a lump of ice will do better. In very bad cases, a surgical operation—that of plugging the nostrils—has to be resorted to, happily not frequently.

MIDDLETON.—We believe that a good wife is almost sure to produce a good husband, but it does not always happen that a good husband makes a good wife. We believe that man has felt the most noble appreciation of woman, has elevated her to a goddess, has turned the full light of his noble heart and the fire of his highest genius on her virtues, and that many women repay this by scandal, abuse, and ungenerous detraction of man behind his back and before his face. Finally, then for woman there is coming a time, which will be brought on more quickly by some other silly champions (lively and restless as monkeys, and with brains about as large), of trial, trouble, and—to those who wander after mistresses—degradation. What can be more degrading to the wife and the mother than to know that Mormondom exists, and carries off its thousands every year? And, lastly, the interests of man and woman are inseparable, and what degrades one degrades the other.

READER C.—The Seven Wise Men of Greece are supposed to have lived in the fifth century B. C. Their names were Pittacus, Bias, Solon, Thales, Chilon, Cleobulus, and Periander. Certain strangers from Miletus agreed to buy whatever should be in the nets of some fishermen without seeing it. When the nets were drawn in they were found to contain a golden tripod, which Helen, as she sailed from Troy, is supposed to have thrown there. A dispute arose between the fishermen and the strangers as to whom it belonged, and as they could not agree, they took it to the temple of Apollo, and consulted the priestess as to what should be done with it. She said it must be given to the wisest man of Greece, and it was accordingly sent to Thales, who declared that Bias was wiser than he, and sent it to him. Bias sent it to another, and so on until it had passed through the hands of all the men, afterwards distinguished by the "Seven Wise Men," each one claiming that the others were wiser than he was. It was finally sent to the temple of Apollo, where, according to some writers, it still remains, to teach the lesson that the wisest are the most distrustful of their wisdom.